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LOW TIDE.

BY ALICE CARY.

My sea of favor has gone down—
The sands of life lie black and bare,
So bring to me my pale green gown,
Spotted with strawberries : my hair
Do up with pins of amber—there ! !
My crimson kerchief now, and shawl
Bordered with daisies over all.

I once could trust to Fortune's grace
To mend me with her sweet repairs
But now no blank and wrinkled face
That out of low perdition stares,
Is comfortless as hers ; yet I
Must not sit down and weep her loss,
With heavy eyes and arms across,
But search the layers that underlie
The surface of my soul, where blends
Each varied hue that nature shows—
Long golden twilights with their ends
The red complexion of the rose :
Glad mornings with the wings of larks
Parting the darkness from the light—
For every joy has left its marks
Whereby its history I could write ;
And though to-day I disagree
With fate and fortune—Love's dear past
Is locked up safe in memory—
Mine while eternity shall last !

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

BION, THE WANDERER ;

OR,

THE FAITHLESS GUARDIAN.

A STORY OF HOME, OF THE OCEAN, AND OF OTHER CLIMES.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.,

AUTHOR OF "ORION, THE GOLD-BEATER ;" "THE GUNMAKER OF MOSCOW ;" "KARMEL, THE SCOUT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SICK CHILD.

The apartments in Church street had been furnished by the landlady, so that when Christopher Huntley came with a coach and a one-horse car, he had plenty of room for all that was to be moved. Lida took the boy into the carriage, and Lizzy followed with a bundle of choice, frail articles which she dared not trust to the tender mercies of the carman. Uncle Christopher mounted upon the box with the driver ; and in a few moments more Bion caught the last glimpse of the window, at which he had sat so many hours with his mother, as they whirled away towards Canal street.

When the coach stopped it was in front of a very decent-looking house in Pearl street, near Chatham. The door was opened, and Bion was taken out by his uncle, who then led the way into the house. He had engaged rooms on the second floor—there were five in all,—a front sitting-room overlooking the street, with a small bed-room, leading from it, directly over the hall. Then in the rear was another room, the size of the front one, with a second small bed-room opening from it. From this last bed-room a door opened into a closet-like place which had been seemingly appropriated from the original hall. Its length was just six feet—the width of the hall,—and its breadth not much over five. In this Huntley had planned that the girls should sleep ; but they very quickly refused to do any such thing, and he finally concluded to let them have the larger bed-room. Bion was to have the back chamber, while he—the guardian—took the apartment leading from the sitting-room,—the latter, of course, being set apart for general use.

Bion looked about him, and he was disappointed ; but yet he made no complaint. Everything was clean and neat ; and if the fashionable air of the other home was wanting the thought that this *was* a home, for the present, at least, tended to contentment. The furniture was good-looking ; the floors all carpetted ; the walls white and clean ; the paint fresh ; and the bedding unsoiled.

Dinner was served shortly after they got things arranged, and they found that they were to have no one at their table save themselves and the landlady.

This latter personage was a middle-aged, tall, spare woman, with considerable hair on her lip and chin, and with a face strongly marked by self-will and avarice. She was introduced as Mrs. Bowler ; and the look with which she regarded the two colored girls seemed to say,—"Mrs. Bowler knows her place, and she hopes you know yours." But to Bion her air was different. She kissed him, and called him "a little man," and said she hoped he would be very happy in his new home. The boy smelt the rank fumes of gin very plainly as she kissed him, and he wiped his lips as quickly as possible, and then shrank away to Lida's side.

The day passed away, and the night followed. On the following morning Bion seemed nervous and uneasy.

"Lida," he said, as she was dressing him, "did you hear that noise last night?"

"I heard something," replied the girl, evasively.

"But the noise I heard was in the house," pursued the boy. "I heard naughty men talking very loud ; and I am sure I heard women talking wicked talk—very wicked talk."

"Are you sure it was in the house?" asked Lida, nervously.

"O—yes—I know it was. I heard it very plainly. I laid awake and looked at the fire in the grate, and heard all they said. Some of them were in the hall."

"Well," replied the girl, "I guess there is nothing to fear. Perhaps some bad men, who had been drinking, tried to sleep here. Of course Uncle Christopher will see that such a thing don't happen again."

A.BOBBETT.SC.

LITTLE BION AND MARGERY GRUTT.

"Do you think Uncle Christopher is a good man?" the boy asked, with that quiet, honest earnestness which belongs to innocent childhood.

"Why do you ask such a question?" said Lida, quickly wheeling him about, so that he could not look into her face.

"Because I want to know," he replied. "Don't you think he looks very—very—a—don't he act different from what good men act? How he looks at me with his great eyes, and how he always looks away when I look at him. What makes him do that? Why should he turn away for me?"

"O—that's only your own imaginin', Bion. I wouldn't think of it. Very likely your uncle means to be very good. He has been thus far."

The breakfast-bell rang at this moment, and prevented any further remark from Bion.

After the meal was over Lida and Lizzy got together in their bed-room, while Bion was in the sitting-room, and for the first time they gave speech to their doubts.

"I'se 'spected 'im," said Lizzy, after Lida had related to her the conversation she had had with Bion. "I don't like his looks nohow."

"Nor do I," replied Lida. "But what can he do?"

"What? What *can't* he do? My soul and body, what can't white man do if he takes a notion? I tell ye, Lide—I isn't right on dis p'int."

"How d'ye mean, Lizzy?"

"What did Mas'r Christopher bring Missus dat ugly ole lawyer for, if he meant it all right? Couldn't I see dat *he* wasn't nobody decent? Couldn't I see de fire ob de bottomless pit in his eye? I tell ye, Lide, I'm agwine to watch 'um."

"Who?"

"Mas'r Christopher."

"So'll I, Lizzy."

"'Cause," pursued Lizzy, "if harm should come to Mas'r Bion I should nebber dare to pray no more. I shouldn't dare to look up for fear our good missus' sperit 'ud be a lookin' down at me wid a tearful eye, an' a shake ob her head, an' say—'Ah, Lizzy, you didn't keep yer faith wid me!'"

This mention of their mistress set them both a crying, and thus Bion found them. He asked them what was the matter, and they told him they had been thinking of his dear, good mamma. So he joined them ; and for a while they forgot their doubts and fears in heart-felt mourning.

One morning Christopher Huntley sat in his bed-room, with an orange in his hand. He punctured it with a knife, and then inserted a small tube. Into this tube he put some powder from a paper, and punched it down into the orange with a piece of wire. After this he withdrew the tube, and having smoothed down all traces of the fracture in the skin, he placed the orange in a basket with a dozen more just like it.

Shortly after this Bion heard his uncle call him. He went to the bed-room, and found Christopher eating an orange.

"Here, Bion—don't you like oranges?"

"Yes, sir,—very much."

"Then take one. Here—this is a beauty. There—eat that ; and then you may have some more if you want. Shall I take off part of the peeling for you?"

Bion said he might ; and when he had removed the rind he gave it back, and also gave the boy two more for Lida and Lizzy, which he received with a quicker gratitude than he had evinced on the reception of his own.

At the dinner-table Bion was taken suddenly sick ; and began to vomit as soon as he reached his room. Mr. Huntley came up, and seemed very much alarmed. The boy was pale as death, and felt very sick at the stomach. His uncle ordered Lida to put him to bed, and then remarked that he would hasten out and find a doctor.

"You will get Doctor Glancy, won't you, Uncle?" cried Bion, beseechingly. It was the physician who had attended his mother, and who had always been very kind to him.

"I will if I can find him," Huntley replied, as he left the room.

During the next half hour the boy suffered considerable pain, but at the end of that time he began to grow easier. The color came back to his face ; his stomach felt more natural ; and he said he felt quite well. Directly after this Christopher came in.

"I couldn't find Doctor Glancy," he said. "He has gone out of the city to be gone all winter ; but I have brought a very fine physician. You will like him, I know.'

Thus speaking he turned away, and when he came back he was followed by "the doctor."

This man's name was Henry Sommerton. He was not over thirty years of age ; exceedingly well built ; of good address ; and what would be called by many people, handsome. Yet his face bore the marks, strong and deep, of excessive dissipation ; and there was in his eye, and about the curling lips, an expression from which a practised physiognomist would have read a reckless and heartless disposition. He had strong social qualities ; but of the moral faculties he possessed nothing of any effective consequence.

Sommerton had been educated for a physician, and had practised some ; but of late years he had spent most of his time in squandering a fortune left him by his mother, and in gambling for more. He had succeeded in the squandering operation even beyond his own anticipations ; but in getting more money by gambling he had not done so well. Barrabas Lattimore found him in the gutter, and seized upon him as just the man for the work he had in hand.

But, remember—Henry Sommerton was not a villain. Those lines upon his face had been put there by his enemy. His moral nature had been overrun and seared, so that it had been of no use. When he first listened to Lattimore's proposition, and thought the boy was to be poisoned, he spurned the lawyer from him ; but when he was assured that they only meant to get the youngster out of the way for a few years, he consented to lend his assistance, in consideration of a sum of that "evil root" he so much needed.

Dr. Sommerton sat down by the bed-side, and took the boy's pulse beneath the middle finger of the right hand. After this, he looked at the tongue ; and then examined the eyes and bosom. The two black servants looked on with eager gaze, for they had often heard people say that the delicate boy could not live long, and the presence of sickness of any kind frightened them.

"Has not the child met with some severe affliction lately?" he asked, looking into Huntley's face.

"Alas!—yes," the guardian answered, with a very respectable show of grief. "He lost a fond mother only a short time since. She was my sister-in-law?"

"He has mourned deeply, has he not?" the doctor pursued, turning now to Lida.

"O—yes, sir. He's taken on badly," the girl answered.

"I was sure of it. And," the physician added, with a look of extraordinary wisdom, "I find a curious development, which I can account for only upon the supposition that the boy was born and nursed in a warm climate. Am I right?"

"Yes, sir—perfectly. He was born in New Orleans," replied Huntley.

"I thought so."

By this time, the two simple-minded girls gazed upon the doctor with a sort of admiration amounting almost to reverence. They felt sure that he must be a wonderful man, and an extraordinary physician.

"What is your opinion of the case, doctor?" the uncle asked.

"Well—we can tell better when we see how he bears the treatment," replied the doctor, thoughtfully. "I don't think there is any danger—that is, if he is properly cared for."

"Then, there is no danger at all," quickly responded Huntley ; "for he shall have all the care which I can bestow ; and I know that these two girls will not even sleep, if circumstances shall be such as to require it."

The freed girls were much moved by this, as the grateful looks with which they regarded the speaker proved.

"I will prescribe some simple medicine," resumed Sommerton, "and if you will come this way, I will instruct you how to administer it."

This last sentence was addressed to Lida, and she at once followed Huntley and the doctor from the apartment. The door was gently closed behind them, and when they reached the front room, Sommerton took a seat, and motioned for Lida and her master to do the same.

"My friend," he said, addressing the guardian, "I did not wish to speak too plainly before your nephew—your nephew, I think you said?"

"Yes, sir—the only child of my only and beloved brother."

"Well—I did not want to speak too plainly before him. But, to you, I must tell the truth. He is in a very bad condition. A long-cherished and deep-seated grief has so preyed upon his heart, that it has become deeply affected. The right auricle is partly closed, and the tri-cuspid valve greatly swollen, so as to affect its working. This prevents the arterial blood from flowing freely, the semi-lunar valve being also much affected. Hence we find a pale look about the patient. Hasn't he been very pale?"

"Yes—very," answered Huntley.

"But," continued the doctor, "I should not entertain so much fear on this account, were I not sure that the valve of Eustachius, which is situated at the termination of the veva cava inferior, and just within the auricle, is beginning to ossify! If this is the case, there is much danger. However, it may not be so ; though I can tell in a very few days. You will say nothing of this to the boy."

"O—of course not," replied Lida, to whom the warning was addressed, trembling with apprehension as she spoke.

"I will obtain the medicine, and give it to your master, and he will tell you how to administer it."

The doctor arose, and moved towards the door, when Lida caught him by the arm. There were tears in her eyes, and her frame trembled convulsively.

"Oh! doctor!" she cried, "you will save my young mas'r, won't you? Oh! don't let him die!"

"I will do the best I can, my good girl ; and I hope you will do all you can."

"Oh! I will! God help me to save him! And God help you, too. He's too good to die now! He's too young!"

"Well, well—I'll do the best I can. Don't worry yet. Just you go and keep him easy. I know how these things work. He may feel better by-and-by, and think he's getting better ; but do you be careful, and not let him get up, for it will only be a false feeling."

Poor Lida! Could it be possible that a man who saw right through the human heart so clearly, could be at fault? Ah, no! Doctor Sommerton had impressed her deeply, and she firmly believed that he was a wonderful man.

He had played his part well. He had been instructed by Huntley that the suspicions of those two girls must be guarded against most carefully, for nothing would escape their observation. He understood his part.

In a short time, the uncle returned with the medicine, and found Lida still in the front room. He asked her if she had been there since he went out, and she told him she had. She dared not go into the other room for fear her looks would betray the secret. However, she had gained control of her feelings now, and was ready for work.

The medicine which Huntley had brought was a liquid, the intended effect of which was, simply to reduce the system, weaken the appetite, and thus induce an apparent decline.

A week passed from the time of Bion's first sickness, and he was reduced to a state of weakness that rendered him unable to walk across the room, without fatigue. He was pale and thin, and his little hands had become almost transparent. His great, brown eyes shone with a bright light, and in spirit he was weak and resigned.

"O, Lida," he said, with a hopeful smile, "I think God has called for me to come and be with my dear mother. Don't you think so?"

But the faithful girl couldn't believe any such thing. If the boy did die, he would surely join his mother in the home of the Risen Christ. But she could not yet make up her mind that she must part with him,

And Christopher Huntley came and stood by that bed-side, day after day ; and he knew that this was but the commencement of a life of anguish, to which he had devoted his nephew! He came, and he gazed upon the patient, uncomplaining boy, and not one feeling of remorse entered his soul. He looked upon the child of his brother, without love ; and he remembered only the gold that lay heaped up just beyond the disappearance of his little charge! The pale, weak, unoffending boy, was all that stood between him and wealth.

On the seventh day of his labors, Henry Sommerton, reprobate and sinner as he was, melted beneath the noble resignation and Christian mildness of his victim.

"Ah, doctor," the little fellow said, grasping the hand that had been feeling his pulse, "you must tell me the truth. Don't you think I shall die? I am not afraid. I think I should like to die."

"Why so, my son?" the physician asked, gazing into the child's face, with a look of deep interest.

"Because I don't think I shall ever be happy here. I have a mother in Heaven. O—she was a good mother, sir—a very good mother. She loved me very well. If I should go to her now, I think she would be happy. But, O—she would be very miserable if I should grow up and be a bad man. But, then, I couldn't do that. sir—indeed I couldn't. I don't think anybody could be bad who had a good mother watching over him in Heaven. Do you think so, sir?"

The doctor did not speak. His head was bowed, and his frame trembled perceptibly.

"What ails you, sir?" asked Bion, as he was sure he saw a tear trickle down between two of the man's fingers.

"Nothing—nothing," was the reply. "But," he added, with startling energy, "you will not die. You will live through this sickness, I am sure. Or," he uttered, remembering that he had thus broken his promise to his employer. "I hope you will live. I will save you if I can. But I am in a hurry now. I have another patient."

Shortly after this, Sommerton left the sick chamber ; and in the sitting-room he met Huntley.

"Sir," he said, earnestly, and with much feeling, "I have been at this work long enough. I can weaken that boy no more!"

"How?" uttered the guardian in surprise.

"Ask me no questions, sir," the doctor resumed, "but listen to what I say : I cannot—I will not be engaged in this longer. I have helped you this far faithfully ; but I cannot go to that boy's bedside again and feel that I am the mere tool, used by a scheming man, for keeping him sick and in torture. Set me free, sir—set me free!"

"But, my dear sir—are you crazy? Have you not taken my money? Have you not put my clothes upon your back? Have you——"

"Stop, Christopher Huntley! I will give you back your money—I will strip off these clothes, and jump into my old rags again—but I will not help any longer to keep that poor boy down upon a bed of sickness! Look how mild he is—how resigned and uncomplaining. I should think your own heart——"

Sommerton was cut short in this remark by the entrance of Barrabas Lattimore. The wing-eared shark gazed carefully around, and then beckoned Huntley aside. The doctor arose to depart, but both the attorney and the host bade him stop. They then passed into the little bed-room, and closed the door after them.

"What is it?" Huntley asked, as soon as they were thus alone.

"I've had a faithful servant on the look out," returned Lattimore, "and he has brought me good tidings. Down in Cross-street, close by the corner of Orange, there is a dead boy—died last night—cold weather—body 'll freeze—so keep it as long we please—looks like Bion—very much—almost exactly—boy six years old—died with consumption—never was well since birth—mother widow—nobody knows her—child never be missed—twenty dollars make her be happy—thinks we want to save some boy by getting him away from his enemies—swore child should have Christian burial—we'd show him to her in coffin."

"Good!" uttered Huntley, emphatically, as Lattimore closed his quaint, disjointed speech "You're just in time Sommerton is getting nervous. He swears he won't keep Bion sick any more."

"Swears he wont?" cried the attorney. "We'll see!"

"Hush," interposed the host, placing his hand upon his companion's arm. "Don't say a word. He's done well for us—done nobly ; but the boy has worked upon his heart, ye see. I overheard some of their conversation. He has lost his mother, hasn't he?"

"Yes. 'Twas his mother left him all the property—eighty thousand dollars. She set everything by him. He was her only child."

"That's it. Bion 's been talking about his mother, and has got Sommerton all worked up ; so that anything said now would only end in a row, for men won't bear much when they're feeling so.

If this child can be had—or, this body—we must go at work in that direction at once. Shall we want the doctor's services anymore?"

"Mo—I don't see that we shall."

"Then let's discharge him. Of course he'll keep mum."

"No fear of that."

After this the two men returned to the sitting-room, where the young doctor still sat.

"Doctor Sommerton," said Huntley, "we shall not require your services any more, unless it be to restore the boy to health again."

"I'll do that with pleasure, sir," the physician quickly returned.

"Very well. You shall hear from me within a day or two.'

With this Sommerton left the apartment, while Huntley and Lattimore retired again into the bed-room to concoct some plan for getting rid of the two colored girls for a few days. Men so unscrupulous as they were, could not be long in laying the plans for such a work.

CHAPTER VIII.

"OLD IVORY."

"That's a hard case," said Mr. Narrowgimp, as he sat, one morning, with his feet on the edge of his stove. He spoke to his partner, who had just entered the store. "It's rather hard."

"What is it?" asked Makepenny, warming his hands over the red-hot cylinder.

"Don't you remember reading about the loss of the ship Golden Crescent in the Chinese sea? The news came on here last May, sometime, I think."

"O—yes—I remember. Well—what of it?"

"Why—there was a New Orleans merchant lost in her, named Huntley. He was quite wealthy, and left a wife and child. The ship was a valuable one—very valuable. Glad we hadn't anything in her."

"But what is this hard case you speak of?"

"O—yes. Here—read this:"

Mr. Makepenny took the morning paper, and read the following:

"A MELANCHOLY CASE.—Our readers may remember the death, which happened a few months since, of Mrs. Belinda Huntley She had come on here from New Orleans for her health, bringing with her an only child—a boy of five years. About the time of her removal hither the melancholy tidings arrived of the death of her beloved husband by shipwreck at sea. She lingered through the summer, and in October her spirit passed away from earth forever. Her child was left in care of a near and dear relative, who has done all in his power for its good; but alas! the tender heart is fairly broken! Since the death of his mother he has mourned continually, and his waking hours have been seasons of anguish such as one so young would be supposed incapable of feel-ing. Lately he has failed rapidly, and his only source of comfort or of hope is in death. He calmly awaits the coming of the dread messenger, and freely says that he shall be very happy when he is called to join his mother. The most experienced physicians that our city affords have waited upon him, and they all join in pronouncing the case one of unmistakable *broken heart!* It is surely a melancholy case! Yet it would do the soul of the skeptic good to witness the resignation of that little child, and observe its sincere and heart-felt trust in the Giver of all good!"

This was read on that cold morning over many warm stoves, and various were the comments made thereon.

Christopher Huntley was in Lattimore's office, and those two read the article with much satisfaction.

"I think I did that very well," said the attorney.

"Yes, sir," responded the other. "It reads just right. And now we are ready to go ahead. Will your men be on hand to-night?"

"Yes. I have engaged such as can be depended upon. Egad, Huntley, I think I shall have well earned my money by the time we get through with this."

"I hope you wont be asking for any more, though."

"No—never fear. The ten thousand will amply satisfy me. I am not one of those who continually cry for more than they have contracted for. Yet I think I shall be worth the money to you. Alone you could have done nothing, for you would not have known whom to trust. But I am satisfied. I only hope you are the same."

"Perfectly, sir," returned Huntley. "I only ask you to be faithful, and I shall do my part cheerfully. But say—are you sure you have secured this dead boy?"

"Certainly."

"How did you manage it so as to evade the officers?"

"I had the woman give out that her boy had got better and gone out into the country with a relative; so of course there'll be no questions asked about him. The body is stowed safely away where it will keep frozen."

This was all Mr. Huntley desired to know at present, and he took his leave—it being understood that they should meet that evening at another place.

The day passed away, and Bion, who had taken no medicine since the morning of the day before, began to feel stronger and better. He was not so sick, and he could talk without exhaustion. Lida had lighted a lamp, and was seated at his side, while Lizzy was engaged in fixing the fire in the grate.

Just as the latter was brushing up the hearth she heard a loud rap upon the outer door of the sitting-room. She hastened thither and found a man there. He stepped into the room as the door was opened, and asked Lizzy if she was the one who had charge of Master Bion Huntley.

"I'se one ob 'em, sir," she said.

"Well—I want to see you both a moment," resumed the man. "Doctor Sommerton sent me up. He can't come this evening himself, but he's found a medicine which he is sure will cure the boy. He discovered it at the hospital this afternoon, and I have come to explain it to you. Poor boy! The doctor has told me what a magnificent child he is. We must save him if we can. Just call Lizzy, and——"

"My name is Lizzy, sir."

"Ah—then call Lida, and we'll have the matter explained at once."

The girl held not a thought of deception. She had wondered why the doctor had not been there, and hence she was not at all surprised to receive a messenger from him. She went in to the back chamber with a quick, light step, and called her companion out.

"What is it?" asked Lida, as she reached the sitting-room.

"Here is a gen'l'man as has come from the doctor wid sumf'n to cure Mas'r Bion right up. Dat's the man."

"Ah," said the individual thus alluded to, stepping forward with a graceful bow, "I will explain. Suppose you shut that door a moment. I would rather the boy should not hear all I have to say."

Lizzy stepped back on tiptoe and noiselessly shut the door, and then returned.

The man was well-dressed, and not by any means ill-looking; though his face was stamped with crime and debauchery; but he assumed a smiling complaisance now which took well with the girls.

Between the two front windows stood a table, upon which was a burning lamp. The man moved to this table and took a small packet from his pocket, which he laid down by the lamp and then proceeded to open it. At this moment two faces might have been seen peering out from the gloom of the hall. They stood high from the floor, and were broad and heavy, which circumstances would seem to imply that their owners were stout, powerful men.

"Here, girls," said the man with the packet, as he cast off the string. "Now if you want to see what's a going to cure the boy, just look."

Both girls moved up to the table and bent eagerly over; and so intent were they upon the strange development they supposed was coming that a much heavier step than those behind them would not have been noticed.

"There—you see these little papers," said the messenger, opening the bundle.

"Yes," replied the two girls, in concert.

"Well these papers contain the compound essence of fippiflamjumtico. Its effect upon the system is quite astonishing. Now look: I will show you the curious thing. Keep your eyes open, now. You see the effect of those powders is mostly upon the grand gampiss of the right duofundum. The essence of fippiflamjumtico has been held in all ages to be the surest cure of all diseases resulting from an abrasure of lamflundem herbeticum. You will observe, as I remove this string, that the resplendent particles of the——. Are you looking sharp?"

"Ye——"

The word was not wholly spoken, for at that particular instant a thick cloth was thrown adroitly over the head of each of the girls, and they were drawn back and the cloths firmly secured. They could not utter a sound; and ere they could sufficiently recover their thoughts to think of resistance they were taken up and borne out of the room.

Down the stairs they were dragged, and not until they reached the side-walk did they make any struggle. But all they could do effected little against their powerful captors, and in a very few moments they were tumbled into a coach. The two men jumped in after them, and as soon as the door was closed they were driven off.

By this time the faithful servants had so far collected their thoughts as to be aware that they were in the hands of villains; and they put forth their strength in concert. Lizzy made a spring for the coach-door, and would have forced her way through had not Lida made a move in the same direction at the same time, the result of which was, that they blocked up the way to each other.

"Look here, my beauties—you'd better try that once more!" cried one of the men, at the same time giving Lizzy a blow upon the side of the head that knocked her back upon her seat.

The blow stunned her for the moment; and Lida, fearing the same treatment, and feeling no hope of overcoming two stout men, shrank back and remained quiet.

At the end of half an hour the coach stopped, and the two girls were taken out, having been first kindly informed that they'd die if they made any fuss. They were in a narrow, dark street, and from the peculiar odor that pervaded the atmosphere they judged that they must be near the docks. As soon as they reached the sidewalk they were forced into a dark alley, which led to a small, dirty court, where the melting snow had formed a medium for a curious compound of mud and filth. Across this court stood an old, dismal-looking house, the front door of which was reached by descending some half dozen steps. Down these they went, where one of the men gave a quick, loud rap, which gave forth a more solid sound than one would have expected from the tumble-down look of the establishment.

The door was opened by a stout, burly negro, who held a lighted candle in one hand, and a heavy club in the other.

"Hi, Old Ivory," cried one of the ruffians, "we've come."

"Got 'um?" came from the throat of the burly black, like the premonitory roar of a hoarse bull.

"Yes. Here they be; and old Hawk-bill says you'll keep 'em snug."

"Ug-ff! Jus' fotch 'um in here, an' uf dey heave clar ob here, tell ole Ib'ry he's a gull. Dat's all."

As the Negro thus spoke he backed into his den, and was followed by the two men, each bringing his prisoner.

This Negro was known only as Old Ivory. Where he came from no one, save himself, knew; though the general opinion was, that he had been —not a slave—but a slave trader. He had told some stories about the Gold and Slave coasts of Africa which could have been told by no one not acquainted with the places. He had been in his present quarters some years, and owned not only the house he lived in, but two more—one in the rear, and one on the side next to the water, between which (the water) and the house was an old storehouse. Tha second house we mentioned—the one in the rear of his dwelling—faced upon another street; so that the old fellow owned quite a piece of land. How he lived no honest man knew. Many dark deeds had been traced to that vicinity, but none were ever traced to him. The only visible avenue that opened to his dwelling was the narrow alley aforementioned, and that always had an honest look. It was evident that he had paid for his property, but whether he had any money left was not known.

Ivory was not tall; but he was stout enough to make up for it. His head was small; his neck of just about the same circumference; his breast and shoulders square and massive; his arms very long; his hands and feet of huge proportions; and the rest of his frame stocky and muscular.

He led the way to a rear apartment, where he stood his club up against the wall behind the door, and then turned to his visitors.

"Whar'd ye find 'um?" he growled, looking first upon the frightened girls, and then at the men who had brought them.

"They've been livin' with a chap named Huntley. I reckon he'll open his eyes when he finds 'em missin'. He'll hunt a spell, though, afore he sees 'em again."

"Are ye sure he'll offer a reward for 'em?" queried the other ruffian.

"Of course he will; and a good fat one, too. If he comes down handsome—with a few hundred, say—we'll give 'em up."

"Ug-ff!" roared Ivory. "Fotch 'um along."

Thus speaking he turned towards a small door in the rear wall, with the lighted candle still in his hand, which opened to a flight of stairs leading upward.

At this point Lizzy managed to slip the bandage from her mouth, and at once commenced to beg for liberty. She had just told how sick her young mas'r was, when a blow upon the side of her head stopped her speech.

"Now you just clap a stopper on that jaw o' yourn, and mind your own affairs, my beauty!" the brute uttered, as she staggered beneath his blow. "There'll be a reward offered for you, and then you'll be set free. If ye make a fuss afore that time it'll be wuss for ye. Now mind that!"

With this the girls were led up the narrow stairway; and when they finally stopped, it was in a small room, with high, solid walls, and lighted by means of a grated scuttle. There was a bed upon the floor; a single chair; a small pine stand, with a piece of looking-glass hanging over it; and a little sheet-iron stove, the funnel of which entered the chimney that ran upon one side.

"Ug-ff!" roared Ivory. "Um'll be safe enough hare." Then turning to the girls he added—

"Now keep easy, an' in the morn'n' you shall hab 'um breakfast. Be good, now, or I may hab to put my mark on ye!"

Thus speaking he beckoned the two men out, and then followed them. The door was closed and locked, and the two girls were within a prison which had held in safety stouter persons than they were. The place was not totally dark, for the star-light gleamed dimly through the glazed and barred scuttle, thus enabling them to see each other quite plainly.

They listened until the sound of the retreating footsteps had died away, and then Lizzy spoke:

"Lida—what for you s'pose dey do dis for?"

"Why—can't you see? These wicked men have stolen us away, and they think there'll be a reward offered for us—that Mr. Huntley 'll find us. Then, ye see, these men will carry us back and get the money. Don't ye see?"

Yes—Lizzy saw it very plainly; and she felt, for the first time, sympathy for Christopher Huntley! She thought she could see how troubled he would be when he found they were gone, and no one was left to take care of Bion.

"Aye," responded Lida, with a sudden burst of emotion, "he may feel bad: but how 'll Mas'r Bion feel?"

Lizzy started as though something had struck her to the heart. She had not thought of this before. She had only been arguing with herself as to the probability of sorrow or anger on the uncle's part. But now she saw the poor boy with no one to love him, and she burst into tears. Her companion joined her, and together they wept. They wept and sobbed, and prayed and mourned—then wept afresh, and sobbed more deeply—and the morning light found them with swollen eyes and wet cheeks, sleep having been a stranger to them through the long, cold night.

When the sun was up so that its beams could reach the sky-light, Old Ivory came and looked in. He did not stop, nor did he make any answer to the eager inquiries of the prisoners. A few minutes afterwards, however, the door was opened again, and this time a woman entered. She was black as night; of middle age; and though not really ugly looking, yet from the dirt and filth upon her person she was repulsive. She had brought a large basket with her in which were materials for making a fire, which she proceeded to do at once. She had not looked at the prisoners, nor had any act of her's seemed to intimate that she was aware of their presence.

Lida asked her where they were. She asked many questions; but not a sign from the woman. After the fire was built she arose and turned slowly around towards the girls. There was a vacant, idiotic stare, and that was all.

"Will you not speak to us?" cried Lida.

The scullion gazed a moment into the speaker's face, and then raised her dirty finger to her huge lips. She shook her head; pointed first to the stone, and then again to her lips. Then she shook her head once more, and went through a series of motions, all of which seemed to imply that she was deaf and dumb. The girls understood her, and asked no more questions.

The fire soon warmed the room, and as there was wood enough in the basket to last through the day there was no fear of suffering on that account. Ere long the dirty mute brought up some bread and butter and milk; and thus the prisoners were rendered physically comfortable. But, alas! there was a source of agony which food and fire could not reach!

CHAPTER IX.

MARGERY GRUTT.

Bion lay upon his bed for some time, very patiently awaiting the return of his nurse; but, when half-an-hour had elapsed, and no Lida came, he grew uneasy, and started up. He called her name, but there was no answer. He called again, but with the same result. Moved by an undefinable fear, he slipped from the couch, and was just going into the front room when he met his uncle.

"Why—Bion! Are you thinking of running off?" cried Christopher, pleasantly.

"Where is Lida?" the boy asked, taking no notice of the question.

"That's just what I've come to explain to you, my child," the uncle returned, assuming the kindest and most gentle tone he could command. "But first,—don't you feel hungry? Don't you feel as though you would eat something?"

"O—yes, uncle!" the boy cried, eagerly, and with a brightened eye. "Can I eat?"

"Yes. The doctor says you may eat some now; and he thinks it would do you more good than medicine."

"And has Lida gone to fix me something?"

"No. Lida and Lizzy have both gone away on an errand. I'll explain it after you eat some supper."

"But they'll come back soon, won't they? They won't be long away?"

"No, no—you'll see 'em in a short time. But can't you put on your clothes? Don't you know where they are?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then put them on. You may catch cold to sit here and eat without being dressed. You just rig up, and I'll run down and have a nice supper fixed for you."

The poor boy was fairly worn down with hunger. Within five hours after he took his last dose of *medicine*, the only effect left upon his system was that of exhaustion and weakness from starvation. In order to keep up the seeming sickness, and at the same time leave no real local injury, it had been necessary to give the powders every three or four hours; as Sommerton had been very careful from the first to give nothing that could produce constitutional evil. Hence Bion was now entirely free from any feeling of nausea or sickness of any kind. He only felt weak, and voraciously hungry. So the mention of "a nice supper" operated as a charm upon him. He forgot to worry for Lida, thinking her safe, and speedily set about dressing himself.

He knew where all his clothing was, and he had himself ready some minutes before his uncle came. But the latter came at length, and behind him came a woman—Mrs. Bowler—bearing in her hand a broad tray, upon which were arrangements that made the boy's eyes sparkle again and again. There was a pyramid of nice brown fritters, all sugared and buttered; a generous section of pie; a large slab of cake; besides some tea and preserves.

Bion set to with an appetite such as he never had before. The fritters disappeared almost miraculously: and had not Christopher taken hold and given a little aid, the boy might have injured himself. As it was, however, his uncle looked out for that, and when he ceased eating, because there was no more to eat, he assured his guardian that he could have eaten more were it before him. But he felt quite satisfied, and as soon as the food became settled, he found his hunger fully appeased, and his body a great deal stronger. In fact, he said he felt nearly as strong as ever.

"Now, my child," said the uncle, after Mrs. Bowler had taken away the tray, "I must tell you what we are going to do. We have got to move out of this house. The owner wants it for his own use. But I am very glad of it, for I have found a very pretty house, where we shall live in fine style. Lida and Lizzy have gone to fix up, and they have got everything ready by this time. We shall have a carriage at the door before long."

Bion gazed up into his uncle's face for some time without making any reply. He had no direct fear, nor was there any tangible cause for mistrust; but still there was something curious in this sudden movement.

"Would you have to go away whether you wanted to or not?" he finally asked.

"No—not at present, my child. But I must either leave at once, or else promise to stay here a whole year; and of course we can't do that."

Bion could make no objections, nor did he betray any uneasiness on the subject; and when he was informed that neither Lida nor Lizzy would return to the place they then occupied, he was anxious to be off at once. He was informed that he could go as soon as he was ready, and he lost no time in getting his few books and things together, his uncle promising that he would see to the clothing, and such articles of a bulky character.

The clock upon old Trinity was striking the hour of nine when Bion was handed into the coach by his guardian. He said nothing about the circumstance of moving at such an hour, nor did he ask any questions touching the place for which they were bound. The sudden disappearance of Lida and Lizzy, whom he had come to love deeply since the death of his mother, had startled him, and now that he was to be taken to them he felt relieved. He cared not then where he went, so he found those whom he loved when he got there.

Upon a rear lot, which was reached by a narrow alley leading out from a street close by the East River, and not far from the corner of Water and Catharine, stood the house to which the orphan child was being taken. It was a wooden building, and very old; and from its form and surroundings it was evidently built long before the streets had been laid out around it, or the other structures put up. It was an old Dutch affair, with great gables, and the remains of what had been once a garden fence running around upon two sides of it, and separating it from the rest of the court.

This house was not far from the place in Pearl street which Bion had that evening left; but it was near ten o'clock before he and his uncle reached it. They had been driven through a great many streets, and the boy supposed they were a long distance from the old home. When the coach finally stopped Mr. Huntley got out, and then lifted his nephew to the sidewalk. He then reached in and got the little bundle which contained the books and playthings, and having spoken a few words to the driver, he turned and took the boy's hand.

"We are not going to stop here, are we?" asked Bion, gazing about in the gloom, and feeling that the locality was a low and dirty one.

"Not here, Bion. The house is right through this passage here, where it is all pretty and neat. You must be a little man, because they are very nice people here."

The child made no reply, for they had entered the narrow passage, and it was black as a tomb in there. He could see the faint relief of open night ahead of him, but no lights. When he came to the court, and found the walk only a plank, and saw that it looked gloomy and dirty there, he shrank back and stopped. The night was not so dark but that he could see that he was in a mean, miserable place.

"Not here?" he gasped. "Not here, uncle, you have made a mistake!"

"Ha—there's Lida at the window, now."

"Where—where is she?"

"Ah—there she goes—to the door, I guess. Come, Bion, we mustn't let Mrs. Lorriard think that we don't like her place."

"Lorriard?" repeated the boy, quickly.

"You used to know her in New Orleans."

"O—yes! And is Eugene with her?"

"Of course."

By this time they had reached the door-step, which was reached by half-a-dozen steps, and Mr. Huntley knocked. The summons was answered by a middle-aged woman, who held a tallow-candle in her hand; and without a word she stepped back and the guardian followed her with his ward. She led the way to a room in the back part of the building, where a warm fire was burning in a stove; and here Bion looked at her keenly. His childish intuition told him that this woman had authority here. She did not behave while at the door like a domestic, nor was his uncle's bearing towards her such as he would have extended to a menial. Yet the boy had no real suspicions yet. These intuitive perceptions were not developed to his understanding.

The woman was not far from forty; rather short and heavy in frame—being both stout and fat; with hair of a deep red, coarse and unseemly; eyes small, light grey, and twinkling, set beneath a very low, flat brow; nose pug; mouth large and lips thick; and, altogether, one of the coarsest women the lad had ever seen. The only relief that could be found to her ugliness was the occasional twinkle of the small, grey eye. That had at times a twinkle almost humorous, though as a general thing it was more like the twinkle of a cat's eye when the tortured victim is beneath her paw. The name of this female was Margery Grutt. She said she was a widow—that her husband was lost at sea a great many years ago.

Nobody could deny this, for nobody knew anything about Margery's early life; and very few, if any, knew much about her present life. People close by knew she lived in the quaint old house, and that she had lived there many years; but how she came to select that place, or what she did for a living they did not know. The grocery man on Water street knew that she paid for everything she got, and that when she was out of small change, she always offered gold.

Bion watched for his uncle to say something. He had examined the woman, and he wondered who she could be; and he supposed he should discover this when she was addressed.

"Is Lida in the other part of the house?" Christopher asked, eyeing the woman sharply.

"Lida?" repeated she, as though she knew not what was meant.

"Yes," returned Huntley, with an abrupt emphasis, which was meant to convey to the hostess a reproof for her stupidity. "I mean my negro girl whom I sent to fix up our rooms here."

"O—ah—yas—she be in the aither room. Ye'll find her there ef ye go soon."

"You stay here a moment, Bion," said the uncle, as he moved towards the door by which they had entered. And thus speaking he passed out.

At that moment, a cold, heavy weight fell upon the boy's heart! There was a dark shadow before him—a shadow fallen across his path—a shadow of the things to come! He had a dim sense of its presence, even then. As the door closed behind his guardian, he started to his feet.

"Set still, darlin'. Don't go for to be skeered. Nobody won't hurt ye here, ye blessed leettle crectur, ye."

"But mayn't I go and see Lida?" the little fellow asked, trembling.

"Not yet, me sweet child," answered Margery, moving to the boy's side, and placing her great, red hand upon his head, while a strange contortion, which she evidently meant for a smile, worked upon her features. "Wait awhile, an' yer oonkle 'ill coom back. Ye'd like for to see Lida, woouldn't ye?"

"Yes, ma'am,—I wish to see her very much."

"Well, well—be a good boy, an' p'r'aps yer oonkle 'ill bring her along. Now, just set right down. There—that's right. Now be a good boy. Why—ye can't begin to dream what nice times ye'll have here."

The woman's voice was horrible when she talked thus. Her natural tone was deep, grum, and hoarse; and when she attempted to speak softly, as she often did to children, it took a cracked, spasmodic sound, not unlike the bleating of a consumptive sheep. She saw that the child was afraid of her, so she withdrew, and took a seat upon the other side of the stove, where she sat and watched the little fellow's countenance, as though she would thus decide what sort of a disposition she had to deal with.

The moments passed away, but no uncle came back.

"Won't he come pretty soon?"

"Doan't be oneasy, me leetle sweet darlin'. He'll coom a' when he gits ready. Ye moosn't be oneasy. Ye moost try for to cultivate —— Does ye know what *cultivate* means?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well—an' what is it?"

"Why—it means to—to make anything grow—to make the pretty flowers grow in the garden, or to make good thoughts grow in the mind."

"What a surprizin' boy ye are, to be sure," cried the woman, with a touch of real surprise in her manner. She had sense enough to know that the boy's definition was correct, but for the life of her she could not have given it herself. "Ye's a right smart lad, an' no mistake. We'll have some real old times, me darlin'."

"I want to see Lida,"

"Doan't be oneasy."

"But won't she come pretty soon?"

"Ah—I just remember:—I was a goin' to tell ye somethin' a minnte ago. I was a goin' to tell ye that ye must cultivate a waitin' sperit. When ye grows up jest think how ye'll want to be a peaceful man, an' a 'onest man, too. But ye'll never be one nor t'other ef ye doant cultivate a a sperit o' waitin'. Ye may have great trials coom upon ye; an' then only think how this waitin' sperit 'll help ye. It 'll be jest like the great heavy anchor to a ship: ye can let it go and stick into the mud of contentment, an' it 'll hold ye right there like a ship. And then, me darlin' when the captain has anchored his ship he doant go for to spread his sails when his anchor's down, 'cause, d'ye see, 'twould only strain his ship for nothin'. So you shouldn't spread your sails of oneasiness an' desire when yer anchor of necessity is down. They say as how 't necissity 's the mither of invintion; but I say as how 't necissity 's the mither of contentment. At any rate, them's my idees. Oho—I shall larn ye lots o' lessons, me leetle sweet man."

"Mayn't I go and see Lida now?"

"What—ain't ye continted yit? Doan't be oneasy."

"But I want to see Lida. Won't she come pretty soon?"

"Pretty soon, my darlin'! So doan't be oneasy."

Bion gazed from the old woman to the fire, and as he watched the small portion of flame which could be seen through the open door of the stove, his lids began to droop. He was weak yet, and so much exertion and exercise directly upon his sudden convalescence, fatigued him much.

"I want to see Lida!"

"Tut, tut, tut. Doan't be oneasy."

"But it's been a good long while. Where is uncle? Won't he come back!"

"D'ye want to see him very much?"

"O—yes!"

"Then you set here, an' I'll go an' find him."

"And Lida, too?"

"Yes."

The woman went out, and the boy was left alone. She had taken the candle, so that the only light which came into the room was from the small open door of the stove. Bion gazed around, and he could see the shapes of things quite plainly. The apartment was quite small; the furniture sparse and old; the walls black and cracked; and the floor worn into all sorts of uneven shapes, where the hard knots of various sizes had kept their original prominence, leaving the softer spaces between to be worn away by heavy, dirty feet.

The glare from the fitful fire sent a ghostly glimmering over the place, and pretty soon Bion could see all sorts of hobgoblins upon the walls. This state of mind induced another. Why was the woman gone so long? All alone in that strange old room, with such ghostly figures on the dingy walls, his mind was easily led to doubts and fears. Upon the back wall of the apartment he saw a terrible form. It was a huge head and face which kept opening its mouth and bobbing to and fro. At first he was startled, but pretty soon he thought 'twas only a shadow; and when he came to look for the cause he found it in a bag which hung upon the back of the chair the woman had occupied. The motion of the flame in the stove had produced the illusion.

But this was sufficient to jostle the cup, and in a moment more it overflowed. The poor boy burst into tears, and began to cry. In a few moments more the woman returned. He started up as he heard her step, but sank back when he saw her alone. She came up and put her hand upon his head.

"My dear, good boy," she said in a low tone, "you must'nt cry. I guess in the mornin' ye'll see Uncle Christopher an' Lida; but ye can't see 'em to-night. They had to go back to the old house arter some things, an' they wants as you should go to bed, 'cause ye'll be better in the mornin'. Come—I'll show ye a real nice bed."

The boy gazed up with a frightened look, and at first he seemed unable to comprehend what he had heard. But gradually the whole meaning was plain. He was not to see Lida nor Lizzy to-night!

"Mayn't I sit up till they come?" he begged, trying to stop his tears.

"Marcy, child! D'ye want to die? Set up? Set up till they come, when they've got to move all yer things? Why—ye'd catch yer death! No. Ye must go right off now. But in the mornin' ye shall see 'em *jest* as soon as they come. Now be a good leetle boy. Oho—I know he will. He couldn't be naughty if he should try, could he?"

"Slowly the poor orphan arose to his feet, and as slowly followed the woman from the room. Through a long, narrow passage she led him, towards the rear still; and finally up a flight of very narrow stairs, and very steep. There was another passage leading this time towards the front of the building; and presently they came to a door which she opened. They had passed quite a number of doors, and Bion wondered where they all led to.

As the boy followed his guide through this doorway he found himself in a small chamber, very prettily furnished, and very neat and clean. The walls were white and clear; the single window covered by a new curtain; the floor carpeted; the bed very nice and pretty; and the furniture all new and neat. It was warm in there, the funnel from the stove below coming up into a new tin box, and thus radiating considerable heat into the room.

Bion wondered at all this; for all else he had seen in the house had been poor and dirty. He did not know that his own money had paid for all these things, and that they were to be his only recompense for much suffering. Ah, no—his young heart conceived not yet of the evil which had befallen him!

"My name is Margery," the woman said, as she set her candle down. "Pretty name, isn't it? I'm *Aunt* Margery. Come—I'll help undress ye."

The poor boy said 'twas a good name; and he offered no resistance to her labors. Ere long he was undressed and in bed.

"Won't you leave the candle?" he asked.

"Certainly, my leetle darlin'. Good-night."

The child said "Good-night;" and as soon as the door was closed he burst into tears again.

Half an hour afterwards Margery stepped noiselessly into the little chamber, and found the boy asleep; but the heavy breathing was broken by sobs; and she heard him murmur something, as though he talked in his slumbers.

She drew near and listened. There were tears upon his pale cheeks, and his little hands were clasped over his heart.

And as he slept he murmured again.

Margery listened still, and she heard him say,—"MY MOTHER!"

Noiselessly she took up her candle and glided from the apartment. It was a simple word she had heard; but from that moment her hard heart was softened towards that poor orphan boy, and she resolved that she would be as kind to him as she could. She remembered a lost one—a boy who once learned to speak that same word to her—who learned to speak it plainly, and then died!

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

ORPHAN'S HYMN.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

Father! lo, I dwell alone!
Loved ones all before me gone.
Father, mother, side by side,
Sister, brothers, all abide
Where no shadows darkly fall,
Where Thy love is all in all.

Whom have I on earth but Thee?
Oh! my God, be near to me;
I am sick of lonely years,
I am faint from loss of tears.
Lack of love hath made me cold,
Wilt thou not my soul enfold
In Thine arms, and let me rest,
Comforted, upon thy breast?

Death hath now no fear for me,
Joyful to its pass I'd flee;
For 'tis bridged securely o'er
By their love who've gone before
And *I* have no need to pray,
"Take *the fear of death* away."
Life is what I cannot bear,
If Thou dost not for me care.

Keep me *ever* in Thy sight,
Guard me, *love* me, day and night,
May I through all glooms press on,
Praying most when most forlorn;
Watching most in fairest hours;
Fearing most 'mid brightest flowers;
Clinging closest to Thy side,
When most dangerously tried.

Let me trust in no defence
Short of Thine omnipotence;
Bind this yearning heart of mine
Fast with cords of love to Thine;
Teach me every sin to flee,
Just because it *grieveth Thee*;
And when life and tears are past,
Take me home to Thee at last.

LOOKING FOR WRINKLES.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

There had been a domestic storm in the household of Mr. Nicholson, and such storms, we regret to say, had become rather frequent in that household. Mr. Nicholson was a man of amiable temper, and kind feelings; but with defects of character that were often particularly annoying to his wife, a quick-tempered woman, who, when once fairly aroused, made everything stand around her, as the saying is. Mr. Nicholson was apt to forget and neglect—two faults with which Mrs. Nicholson had no patience, especially when this forgetting and neglecting interfered with matters bearing a relation to her daily round of duties.

A thorough business-training from youth up to manhood, and consequent habits of order, with a methodical routine of doing things, ensured to Mr. Nicholson success as a merchant. Without these important adjuncts to business, his naturally easy and amiable qualities would have sadly interfered with his material interests. But, neglect and forgetfulness were out of the question, where order and routine were strictly observed. It was out of his business where Mr. Nicholson's peculiar weaknesses were seen. He was one of the class of men who keep their wives waiting, and who deserve the scoldings they not unfrequently receive—who forget to execute the little household commissions entrusted to them, and neglect, from day to day, and from week to week, the doing of things absolutely necessary to be done, in order to secure comfort at home.

"Edward," Mrs. Nicholson might say, as her husband is leaving for his place of busines in the morning, "won't you stop at the store as you go down, and tell Mr. Perkins to send up a bag of salt and a gallon of vinegar?"

"Certainly," Mr. Nicholson answers, and in a way so cheerfully acquiescent, that his wife feels pleasure in his manifest willingness to oblige. But scarcely is Mr. Nicholson ten paces from his own door, ere some matter of business intrudes itself, and so fully occupies his thoughts, that he passes the store of Mr. Perkins, and even nods to Mr. Perkins himself without once thinking of the salt and vinegar. Nor, until salt and vinegar are thrown upon him from the face and lips of his aggravated wife at dinner time, is he again consciously aware that such articles exist.

"It is too bad, I declare!" he may answer; or, "what a terrible memory I have!" or, "I deserve a good scolding!" But Mr. Nicholson never resents his wife's use of salt and vinegar, in such cases. Her anger is but a passing storm, and he knows that the sky will soon be clear again. Still, these outbreaks are by no means agreeable, and it is one of his chief regrets, that Mrs. Nicholson's handsome face is so often marred by unbeautiful passion. He tries to be more thoughtful in regard to her wishes, but habit is strong, and he goes on offending.

There had been, as we have intimated, one of these too often recurring storms in the household of Mr. Nicholson. His wife had said to him one morning—it is a little remarkable, knowing his particular infirmity, that she so steadily persisted in burdening him with commissions, not the half of which were ever attended to—

"Edward, won't you stop at Mr. Blackwell's, as you go along, and ask Mrs. Blackwell to send me up that pattern of a basque I lent her? Margaret is coming this morning to make one for me. She can only give me a part of to-day. Now, don't forget it, please."

"A basque pattern, did you say?" Mr. Nicholson was always ready to oblige his wife.

"Yes. Mrs. Blackwell will know the pattern I mean. Tell her I would have sent for it, but that I have only one girl this week, and she is so cross that it is almost as much as my life is worth to ask her to do anything out of the kitchen."

"Hadn't you better send a note?" suggested Mr. Nicholson.

"It is not worth while. Mrs. Blackwell will know what I mean. It is a pattern I lent her a few days ago. Now don't forget, Edward. Remember that Margaret will be here this morning, and she can't do anything until she gets the pattern."

"I'll attend to it," said the husband, as he parted from his wife. But he didn't attend to it; and it was a foolish thing in Mrs. Nicholson, knowing his infirmity, to entrust him with any commission of importance. Almost past the door of Mrs. Blackwell he went, without a thought of the basque coming into his mind, and he kept on to his store, remaining altogether oblivious on the subject.

In due time Margaret arrived, as per engagement. Everything was ready for her, except the basque pattern, and that was still to be received from Mrs. Blackwell. Mrs. Nicholson was considerably annoyed by this delay, and talked out her feelings to Margaret pretty freely, as women of her peculiar temperament are wont to do on such occasions. She had two or three theories touching the matter. Now, she was certain her husband had forgotten to call at Mrs. Blackwell's; and now she was quite as sure that he had called, and that Mrs. Blackwell didn't see fit to put herself to any special trouble in sending the pattern home.

"Let me go for it," said Margaret. But Mrs. Nicholson answered—

"No. I'm certain Mr. Nicholson called; and in that case, I wish her to send it home. She ought to have done it, anyhow, before this."

Hour after hour passed, but no pattern came. Beyond measure was Mrs. Nicholson annoyed; and had she not cause for annoyance? No lady-reader will gainsay this for an instant. It was a trying case. Two or three times, Margaret renewed her request to be permitted to go after the pattern; but, the more the subject was pondered by Mrs. Nicholson, the stronger became her conviction that the neglect was all on the part of Mrs. Blackwell.

Finally, after waiting for two or three hours, until it was too late to finish the basque on that day, even if the pattern were in hand, Margaret went away, leaving the disappointed Mrs. Nicholson in the worst possible humor with herself and with every one else.

The day was just burying itself in shadows, when Mr. Nicholson, weary in mind from business cares, and pleased to get home, stepped across the threshold. His little pet, May, had been watching at the parlor window during the space of half-an-hour, and at the first glimpse of his form, had sprung away from her position, and was at the door, ready to be caught up into her father's arms almost as soon as he had swung it open. And she was so caught up by her loving father, and almost smothered by kisses.

"Is that you, Edward?"

It was the voice of Mrs. Nicholson, calling from one of the upper rooms.

The response of her husband brought Mrs. Nicholson down with quickly moving feet. She found him, just inside of the parlor door, with the happy little May in his arms, looking very cheerful, and utterly unconscious of any approaching storm.

"Just to think of it!" said Mrs. Nicholson, going off at once in an excited tone of voice—"Mrs. Blackwell never sent that basque pattern, and Margaret, after waiting here for several hours, went away without touching the garment she came expressly to make."

"I declare!" exclaimed Mr. Nicholson. "Now, isn't that too bad!"

"Isn't what too bad? You don't mean to say that you didn't call at Mrs. Blackwell's?"

There was an outflashing of indignation from the eyes of Mrs. Nicholson at the very thought.

"I do mean to say that very thing!" replied Mr. Nicholson, with some penitence of manner. "It is all my fault? What could I have been thinking about! I'm very sorry indeed!"

"Sorry don't mend the matter!" retorted Mrs. Nicholson. "It's a shame for you to do so! Here I've had Margaret waiting nearly all day, without being able to take a single stitch in my basque, which I expected to wear to-morrow, and all because you did not choose to take the trouble to stop at Mrs. Blackwell's, and ask her to send home the pattern I lent her."

"Don't say—'didn't choose,' my dear." Mr. Nicholson's countenance changed.

"It is just what I do say, and what I mean," answered Mrs. Nicholson with blinding indignation. "If you had cared a particle about my comfort or convenience, or had possessed the smallest inclination to obey me, you never would have neglected that small request. I have cause to be angry!"

"I'm very sorry," said Mr. Nicholson.

"Oh, don't say sorry again!" Mrs. Nicholson interrupted. "I hate the word, and have no faith in it. Sorry!"

Little May, with a half frightened look, drew her arms tightly around her father's neck, and laid her head down upon his bosom.

For some moments longer the indignant woman stormed; and then, as there was no re-action from her husband to keep alive the turbulent spirit that possessed her, anger wasted its strength down to feebleness and silence.

The hush of sadness followed, as in all such cases, and tears succeeded to passion. Mrs. Nicholson, after having poured out her vials of wrath, felt more unhappy than while bottling up her indignation. Not a word of angry retort had passed her husband's lips; she would have felt better if he had betrayed some darker shades of feeling, and thus brought himself down nearer to the level upon which she had descended. But he only remained passive, with his loving little May clinging to his neck.

At tea time, but few words were exchanged by husband and wife. The cloud on May's spirits had nearly passed over, and she chatted away, and asked her usual score of childish questions.

After tea, the gas was lighted above the centre table in the sitting-room, and Mrs. Nicholson sat down, with her work-basket.

Little May had a box of painted paper toys, and amused herself with these, talking to her father about them, and enjoying the interest he seemed to take in the curious figures they exhibited.

Very few words had been addressed by Mrs. Nicholson to her husband, since they left the tea-table. What she said was of but small moment, but, the tones of her voice were subdued and timid, showing her repentance and changed state of feeling.

"What a funny looking old woman!" said little May to her father, laughing suddenly, in a merry voice, as she held out for his examination, one of the pictures. Then, as if a new thought had crossed her mind, she left her chair, and climbing into her mother's lap, commenced a close examination of her face. With eyes and fingers, she searched it all over, in so curious a way, that both father and mother were amused as well as interested.

"What are you looking for, pet?" inquired the latter.

The question seemed a little to confuse the child, and she left the mother's lap, and resumed her place at the table, with a perceptibly heightened color.

"Say, darling! What were you looking for in my face?"

"For a wrinkle," answered little innocence, smiling, yet flushing to a deeper crimson.

"A wrinkle!" The hand of Mrs. Nicholson passed with an involuntary movement over her face.

"A wrinkle!" Mr. Nicholson laughed out aloud. "What does little puss mean?"

Little puss, as her father often called her, now threw an arch look upon the mother, and said,

"Don't you know what Aunt Mary read in the paper, yesterday?"

"No, dear; what was it?"

"Why, that a wife gets a new wrinkle in her face everytime she scolds her husband. And I wanted to see——"

The child's voice was lost in the merry laugh that rung from her father's lips, as he caught her in his arms, and bore her with a triumphant air around the room.

"Well, pet,"—he said, as his merriment subsided,—"did you find a new wrinkle?"

For a moment or two, Mrs. Nicholson was fluttered, and her face became all aglow from a quicker heart-beat. But her perception of the ludicrous was strong, and her good sense a balancing quality, and she quickly joined in the merry laugh that was all at her expense.

"No—there isn't a single wrinkle in her face," answered May, positively.

"Nor shall one be seen there for twenty years to come," said Mrs. Nicholson, throwing a tender look upon her husband, "if no other cause should produce them."

May's bedtime had come, and the child was borne away by her mother, who gave her many loving kisses ere she left her alone with the angels who watch over sleeping children.

She said nothing about the wrinkles as she rejoined her husband, but there were merry twinkles in both their eyes, and right feelings in both their hearts.

Mrs. Nicholson, who is a handsome woman, and just a little vain of her beauty, has quite reformed her ways in the matter of scolding her husband. There are dangers attending that peculiar domestic recreation that she is unwillig to encounter.

LINES.

Sent by a farmer's daughter to her lover, who wrote to know her circumstances in life.

No glittering gold, or house, or land,
Nor gems from Eastern sea—
Affection pure, and love sincere
Are *all* I have for thee.

I covet neither wealth nor fame,
I plainly tell to thee:
A *one* loved object's *all* my wish,
'Tis all I wish to be.

ANNA CLAYTON'S RIDE.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

Anna Clayton stands upon the wide portico of her country seat musing, while her groom walks two horses to and fro, till his master makes his appearance, Anna Clayton is young and beautiful. Her hair is of a glossy brown—her eyes a deep dark blue—her face, fresh and fair and sunny, though often a look of seeming weariness and discontent flits over the whole features. She is rich, too, for the riding habit that trails its heavy folds around her slight figure, is of velvet; the buttons that fasten her corsage, and the handle of the riding whip with which she taps her glossy kid boot, are of gold—and the black horse yonder, led up and down by the groom, has been purchased for her own exclusive use, at a price that makes her simple country neighbors stare. She has a splendid city residence—a beautiful country seat—a box at the opera, and the finest diamonds in New York—troops of servants, too, to do her bidding, and everything her heart could wish. She has a husband, too! And in those few words lies a world of meaning! A husband, whose immense wealth is lavished freely on her every whim, and whose dearest pleasure it is to deck his idol with the costliest treasures of earth and sea. She has been a wife only one short year, and in all that time his constant aim has been to please and gratify the pretty creature he has won. Why, then, is Anna Clayton sad—and why does her fair young face look as if her thoughts were far away, and her dark blue eyes as if they were about to fill with tears?

She is thinking of a time, long, long ago, when she was not Anna Clayton, but simple Anna Reed, In the place of the elegant country house, and the finely cultivated grounds, she sees a little plain, red farm-house, with a "front yard" and rustic fence before it. But rose bushes and syringas grow around the house, and in the door, she sees two kind and smiling faces—her mother's, and her sister Mary's. They are looking out, and laughing at something going on beyond the gate.

And there, on the level green sward, that lies beside the road, stands a group well worthy of notice. Its most prominent member is a vicious-looking chestnut colt, who is eating bread out of the hands of a boy some ten years old, and rolling his eyes sideways with a wicked glance. Upon the back of the colt is a side-saddle, with housings of faded blue and yellow; and on his head a bridle evidently taken from one of the "team" horses. A manly-looking boy of sixteen is kneeling at the horse's heels, clipping his flowing tail with a great pair of garden shears. Beside him stands a girl of twelve, with a face like that of Anna Clayton, looking more at him than at his work, and evidently equipped for a ride. The boy rises to his feet, and shakes the dark hair from his eyes with a pleasant smile. "I think he will do now," he says, and the girl puts on a pair of lisle thread gloves, and stepping in his extended hand, is on the back of the unwieldy steed. The colt looks up with a snort of disdain, and refuses to move an inch. "Give me a whip, Harry," says the girl, with a merry laugh. It is no gold-hilted riding-whip he gives her, but a branch of lilac, stripped of all its leaves. She touches the colt lightly, he bounds, plunges, and is off like an arrow. The great event of the day is accomplished, and Anna Reed has taken her first ride on Harry Weston's chestnut colt.

A step on the piazza startles her, as she remembers all this, and she turns to meet her husband. A stately man, with snow-white hair—and old enough to be her grandfather—can this be he? The smile fades away from her lips, though she greets him kindly. She places her little foot in his hand, (as she has often done with Harry,) and lets him arrange her riding habit after she's seated. Then he mounts his own horse, and with their groom following on a chestnutt cob, they gallop away.

Out in the high road there are many passing to whom they bow; and by-and-bye, a tall, handsome man, with black hair and eyes, comes past in a light carriage, drawn by two handsome bays. It is but a passing salutation they exchange, and the old man does not notice how pale they both grow. For that is Harry Weston, who has come back from California, rich and single, only to find his betrothed wife sold, like an article of merchandise, to the highest bidder!

Aye, gather up your bridle reins, Anna Clayton, and gallop madly on with that stony look of pride upon your fair face, and your white-haired husband still beside you! It is a fearful precipice on which you stand. Oh, would that you could be once more the innocent confiding child, who watched her boy-lover at his task, upon the green before the farm-house door, and throw the jewels, for which you have sacrificed yourself, your truth and happiness, aside forever!

FASHION VERSUS SYMMETRY.

The most common cause of a high shoulder is to be found in the abominable practice of undressing girl's necks as low as the hanging of their clothes will permit. Instead of the shoulder-straps of their dress being, as they should be, fairly above the shoulder, they often—indeed most commonly—either only skirt the extreme end, and rest on the rounded upper part of the deltoid muscles, or are actually far down on the arms; in consequence of which, the dress having little or no suspension on the shoulder, is constantly dropping, and the girl to save her clothes dropping down, or, at least, to keep them in place, is continually hitching up the shoulder from which the shoulder-strap most easily slips, and thus the elevating muscles becoming stronger on that side, pull the shoulder permanently up, and produce a very ugly appearnce. But the mischief does not stop here; for, though there really be no disease of the spine, yet this constant hitching up of the shoulder causes the head and neck to be thrown to the other side, whilst the chest is thrown out to the same side, and thus a lateral curvature of the spine is produced and a girl's figure is spoiled, for the simple purpose of uncovering her neck and shoulders as far as possible, which, as well for decency as for the preservation of the child's health, ought to be covered. Many parents have thus been the cause of their daughters' distortion, if not of more serious consequences; and, therefore, in growing girls who have the least disposition to slip their shoulder out of their dress, most especial care should be taken to prevent the possibility of keeping up this habit, by having the dress made so high that it cannot slip down, and then the sensation of the slipping being lost, the child no longer continues to hitch up her shoulder, and by a little attention to her proper carriage, the mischief, if not of long standing, may be got rid of.

PERSEVERANCE.

There is something noble in any man who breasts difficulties, with the firm determination to conquer them, in spite of the barriers which oppose his onward progress. We would not go as far as a celebrated poet went, when he broadly asserted that a man might do any thing he chose, because God had given him arms long enough, if he would but take the trouble to extend them; but we do most emphatically say, that success is nearer to the grasp of most men than is generally supposed. Indeed, obstacles are but the dykes which prevent the pure waters of knowledge from flowing *for a time*:—the inquiring mind, like a sinuous river, swells, and presses against the obstructing barrier between it and the wide sea of intellect;—hour after hour, day after day, it increases, and fed and swollen by numerous tributary streams, it at length sweeps over the now feeble but once formidable impediment, and rejoicing in its self-acquired strength, sweeps onward in triumph. The mind of man was never intended by its great Creator to be inactive. Onward! is the cry of every one. Alas! there are some who, thinking themselves wise, become fools; they travel onward, but like a wanderer in a dark morass, see only flitting and uncertain lights which lure them on to perilous paths. There are others who scorning false gleams, seek for the true rays—men who lift their eyes from earth, and overlooking the glow-worm behold the stars of Hope and Truth shining in the clear sky. Such as these tread their daily paths in full assurance that the seeds they sow as they travel along Life's highway will spring up and bear fruit. They faint not, nor fall by the way; and though torn by thorns and briars, they at last receive the reward of their patient endurance and unremitted perseverance—Success.

PUGNACITY OF THE ROBIN.

The pugnacious disposition of the redbreast towards its own kind, as well as towards other birds, is well known. The following remarkable anecdote shows to what an extent their passion will sometimes carry them, and how completely they are lost to all apprehensions of danger while under its influence. A redbreast had for some time taken up its abode in a hot-house, from which it had egress at pleasure. One day, when the gardener was in the house, another redbreast found his way in; but he had no sooner made his appearance than he was furiously attacked by the usual tenant, and soon showed that he had the worst of the combat; so severely was he treated that he was taken up by the gardener, and held in his hand, where he lay struggling and panting for breath. The victor, however, was not thus to be deterred from further wreaking his vengeance on the intruder. He boldly flew and alighted upon the hand of the gardener, and forthwith proceeded to peck the head of his victim and buffet him in such a manner, that he would soon have killed the intruder, had not the gardener carried him out, and turned him off at some distance from the building.

LEARN TO READ AND CIPHER.

It is an indisputable fact that no one can know too much; and all the knowledge we can acquire, we mean of course of a good and profitable kind, can scarcely fail to turn to our advantage at one time or another; and perhaps when we least expect it, it might be found most available. But there are *two* branches of education, which from their not being so universally diffused, hold not so dignified a position in general esteem as some others which are more rarely acquired, and perhaps more abstruse, and yet they yield to none in practical utility and extensive benefit;—we mean letter-writing and arithmetic. Some poet, we forget just now who, says:—

> "Heaven first sent letters for some wretch's aid,
> Some banished lover, or some captive maid."

Intercourse may be carried on, it is true, to a certain extent between absent persons by means of a messenger. But where a messenger is employed, his blunders or his designs may cause inextricable confusion, and even sever friendship; but *writing* is altogether free from these objections: for writing can tell no other tale than the one entrusted to it; and, if we express ourselves clearly and grammatically, can scarcely fail to be understood by the person who peruses it.

Arithmetic, too, is of great value to every man—to all men. To the merchant to secure himself from imposition, and to manage his affairs with facility and success—that he may possess the power to prevent others with whom he transacts business from injuring themselves by false calculations, and thus to escape an act of injustice; for it is the part of a *prudent* man to see that he receives *all* his right, but that of an *honest* man to take care that he receives *no more*.

Without a knowledge of arithmetic the man of fortune, however large, cannot be acquainted, as a man of sense and discretion ought to be, with the exact state of his affairs. He is altogether at the mercy of his managers and servants. He is completely fettered respecting the independent disposal of his own property. He is in the condition of one who, having lost the use of his limbs, is compelled to have recourse to assistance to remove him from place to place; or of a blind man, who can only receive a perception of the objects of sight from the description of others. He may be in difficulties without knowing it, and ruined before he is aware of it!

MILITARY PUNISHMENTS IN AUSTRIA.

The punishment takes place in the middle of a public place during market or fair time, and with a prescribed ceremony. Firstly, the culprit carries the bench himself, places himself before the company, and lays himself on this bench at the command of the officer. Secondly, two corporals are ordered out of the ranks, and place themselves one to the right and one to the left of the extended landsknecht. They examine whether his thighs are covered with anything more than drawers, and proceed to execution. At the word of command, the corporal at the left of the criminal strikes the first blow, and one or two minutes after the corporal on the right, alternately; after each blow they wait at least a minute or two, in order that the culprit may have time to feel and suffer, and that the thighs may swell and bleed; the officers of the company superintend the execution, and cry "strike well" (hau zu). The execution lasts about three quarters of an hour. After the twentieth blow, strips of the drawers and thighs are seen to fall. Formerly they struck on the cloth trousers that the soldiers wear; but the Kaiser Francis, called by the Germans the father of his country (Landesvater), ordered them to strike on the drawers by way of "economising the trousers, and that the blows should be better felt." Public decency will not allow them to strike on the naked back. The unfortunates generally put a piece of linen into their mouths, otherwise the convulsive motion of the jaws and the grinding of the teeth make them bite their tongues and break their teeth. The punishment once pronounced is never rescinded. The Germans are cold and inexorable. If sometimes the criminal expires before the last blow, they continue to strike the body until the number of blows prescribed are given. The Austrian system exacts this severity. After the execution, the punished individual rises, drags himself to the commanding officer, bows himself to the ground, thanking him in these words: "Receive thanks" (habe dank); he then takes the bench on his shoulders and carries it back. All punishments take place publicly to intimidate the people.

SNAKES.

Fancy cannot paint a more formidable, a more terrific object, than a monstrous serpent; nothing can she conceive whose attack man or other animals can less successfully combat. Alluding to the Boa, M. de Lacepede says:—"Its great power, its indomitable force, its gigantic length, the lustre of its scales, the beauty of its colors, have inspired a sort of admiration, mingled with affright, in most people, but little removed from a savage condition; and as all that produces terror and admiration, all that appears endowed with a great superiority over other beings, hardly fails to create, in minds little enlightened, the idea of a supernatural agent, it was not without religious fear that the ancient inhabitants of Mexico regarded the 'divine serpent.' Snake-worship was not, however, confined to the Mexicans,—it appears to have been practised in various parts of the earth from a very early period."

A fearful picture of the blind adoration paid to the ferocious boa is finely drawn by Southey, in his poem of "Madoc":—

> "Forth from the dark recesses of the cave
> The serpent came!—the Hoamen at the sight
> Shouted! and they who held the priest, appall'd,
> Relaxed their hold. On came the mighty snake,
> And twined in many a wreath round Neolin,
> Darting aright, aloft, his sinuous neck;
> With searching eye, and lifted jaw, and tongue
> Quivering, and hiss, as of a heavy shower
> Upon the summer woods. The Britons stood
> Astounded at the powerful reptile's bulk,
> And that strange sight. His girth was as of a man,
> But easily could he have overtopp'd
> Goliath's helmed head, or that huge king
> Of Basan, hugest of the Anakim.
> What, then, was human strength, if once involv'd
> Within those dreadful coils? The multitude
> Fell prone, and worshipped."

The fear and horror inspired by serpents have generally caused those who have gained the art of handling them, and of rendering them powerless, to be considered as possessed of supernatural power.

THE QUALITIES OF A GENTLEMAN.—To constitute a perfect gentleman, the best attributes of the heart and head must be combined. He who would indeed deserve that proud epithet, must be devout, courteous, and accomplished, gentle, generous, and brave; pure in word and deed, disinterested, philanthropic, and, above all, incessant and intrepid in charitably succoring the weak, the lowly, and the poor. It was once affirmed with a pious fervor almost bordering on profanation, that our Saviour was the first true gentleman that ever lived.

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ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

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MANIFEST DESTINY.

The Pilgrims who landed on the bleak rocks of Plymouth, in 1620, little dreamed they were planting the seeds of a mighty nation; a Republic, freer, and more gigantic in geographical proportions, than any recorded in the history of the past. Amid the Winter snows they sung their psalm of deliverance from the perils of the ocean, and the bondage of conscience, to escape which they had left home-hearths and altars in the father land. They sung their psalm, and with brave hearts pitched their tents in the wilderness, which, unperceived in their fore-reaching vision. was, in a few generations, to teem with villages and cities, and farm-fields blossoming like the rose. Little dreamed they of the glory that should crown the empire then taking root under the shadow of primeval woods, or that their children, two centuries hence, numbering millions and spread over a continent, would, while blessing their memory, laugh the imperial conquests of the Roman to scorn.

Nay, neither they nor the founders of the Republic, saw more than a gleam of the triumph, which even before our eyes, stands almost a miracle in the life of nations. Strong in the integrity of their hope and faith, and trusting the future to God, the one struck the axe at the root of the forest, conquering inhospitable nature and savage races, by unparalleled endurance and daring; while the other, denouncing the tyrant who had ventured over the ocean, through seven long years of bloody struggle, cast him from the continent, and proclaimed a free people to the world. But though those heroic spirits saw not the coming glory of their vision, their work triumphed. The few Pilgrim's of the May-Flower were multiplied to millions, and the Revolution christened in the streets of Lexington, was the usher of the Republic. Providence watched over their future—God rewarded their trust in Him.

Nor do we comprehend our national destiny much more than did the Pilgrims and men of the Revolution. We close our eyes to the greatness that is to come, and, drawing a narrow circle on our maps, set limits to the Republic. Mountains rise up before us, and rivers set their barriers against us. Blind that we are! The *true* vision that pierces the future, beholds the boundaries of the Republic illimitable as the continent—the hemisphere. Resistless as the Saxon current that quickens its veins, it sweeps over rivers and mountains, until it circles the ice-bergs of the North and the sands of the tropics. Blind government and weak-eyed prophets measure it in vain. Short of the oceans that girdle the hemisphere, it has no bounds. Nature—God himself has set those limits.

Fifty years ago, thirteen States and three million souls, held and constituted the Republic; to-day, thirty-one states, and territory enough for twice thirty more, are far less for the prospective growth of seventy-five years, than were the "Thirteen States" to the men of '76. To their vision, the Mississippi was beyond the farthest bound. We have long since, passed the "Father of Rivers,"—three thousand steamer-keels furrow the bosom of the "mighty Mississippi," bearing our Western commerce. Five organized States, and territory sufficient for empires, lie beyond it, and yet our Saxon current, with its freedom, arts and enterprise, sweeps on! From East to West it jostles the oceans, and from North to South, seeking the ends of the hemisphere, it pursues its irresistible course. Languages and races commingle in it, and each widening circle adds to its glory and strength. Let him who bounds the Republic short of the hemisphere, look forward a century, and learn his mistake from the hundred million of Americans, who, ere that time, will have absorbed the Northern continent—aye, and the whole Western World. Such is our manifest, our inevitable destiny!

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Hard Times.—Some of the editorial craft in the Southwest seem to have much difficulty in getting their subecribers to pay up, and one of them, in utter despair, makes the following comprehensive offer:

> Anything in the way of food or provender for man, beast or reptile, taken in exchange, at market prices, for subscriptions to the Investigator; also bricks, building stone, shingles, wood delivered at our office or piled on the bank of the river, land warrants, lamp oil, candle wicking, vinegar and whiskey.

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Thirty of the Cadets of the Georgia Military Institute were recently expelled for visiting a circus.

STATUTE EVILS.

As a citizen, we are not in favor of laws higher than correspond with our statute books and constitutions; except they be made higher by constitutional processes. Subordination to law is what distinguishes the civilized man from the savage; but while law-abiding, we may properly and justly complain of whatever we deem evil in law. Take, for instance, the case of a man arrested for some criminal offence in our city. He is the husband of a dependent, loving, faithful and innocent wife, and the father of more or less innocent and—cut loose from him—defenceless children. He is tried, convicted, and sentenced to prison for a given period, and, as is often the case, fined into the bargain; and, being poor, his fine is collected by prolonging his imprisonment. The State places him at work, and pockets the profits of his toil for the regular time of his sentence. For the irregular period, while paying his fine, his living is deducted from his toil, and the balance credited to his fine.

During this, perhaps, period of years, shut off from accustomed resources, for no guilt of theirs, what is the probable fate of the prisoner's family? It would not be strange if protectorless young boys, urged by want, should become thieves—daughters, abandoned—and wife, everything that a true woman abhors. We could point to a case where a virtuous and happy family, of a wife and half-a-dozen children, in four years, pursued by poverty and despair—the husband and father in prison, working for the State—all became inmates of penitentiaries and brothels. How different would it have been had the State, punishing the criminal by imprisonment, given over the fair wages of his toil for the support of his innocent family—entitled to his earnings, whatever his offences against the State. By pursuing the other course, the State actually makes more criminals than it punishes, and annuls those responsibilities which. morally, are decreed of God.

Besides, would not imprisonment be more reformatory, if the convict felt that his crime was not entailing utter want and ruin upon his family—upon those whose love and welfare he must still cherish, and with whom, at the moment of his release, he could flee to regions where his former guilt, unknown to society around him, might be buried in eternal oblivion by his family, and he once more become a man. It does seem to us that considerations of this kind, touching the structure and principles of some of our laws, should be widespread and effective of reform.

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RISING MEN.

Biographical notices of the late Douglas Gerald give us the fact that his first connection with literature was as a printer's apprentice, and that his first writings were timidly contributed, anonymously, to the journal for which he was setting type. This is suggestive of other kindred facts which cannot be too frequently arrayed before the young. We will name a few of them.

We might pass over the examples, furnished by antiquity, of Publius, Syrus, Terence, and Epictetus, who were born in humble life, and of Pythagoras, who was originally a porter, and Demosthenes, who was the son of a butcher, and at seven left a poor orphan, and come to modern European history. This gives us examples of the rise to eminence, among the theologians, of Prideaux, who was a cook's assistant at Exeter College, and Milner, the son of a poor weaver; in mathematics, Stone, who began life as a gardener and taught himself to read, and Hutton, the son of a wool-comber; and among the poets, Falconer, the son of a barber, Ramsay, who began life as a wig-maker, and Akenside, as a butcher. To these might be added scores of other encouraging examples in the ranks of living great men, in this country as well as in Europe. But enough for our present purpose.

In view of the above biographical citations, is there not enough to encourage those in "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties" to persevere? Surely there is, especially in a republican country like ours. There is a maxim which teaches that "what man has done, man can do again." This is not true, of course, as an invariable rule. But as a general rule, it is. Cheer up, then, desponding young man, and take courage from these examples of rising men!

"Lives of great men oft remind us we can make *our* lives sublime!"

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BE THOROUGH.

Every year, thousands of young men leave home and friends to commence the great battle of active life—to struggle, in many cases, for their very existence. And it is astonishing how few of these young soldiers of fortune are properly fitted for the contest. Not one in a hundred of them can do any one thing *thoroughly*. They can all cobble away at "anything that comes handy;" but as for *excelling* in any trade, business, art or profession—that is out of the question. One of these young men calls on us, perhaps; he is a graduate of some college, and has his diploma, and plenty of recommendations from judges, clergymen, members of Congress, &c. We ask him what he can do? Oh, he is not particular—can turn his hand to anything. But, on trial, it is found that he cannot write a decent hand, nor spell, nor punctuate, nor write with any degree of rapidity, nor make out bills quickly and accurately, nor do up a package with neatness and dispatch, nor read a strange manuscript with facility, nor do anything whatever with that thoroughness, and promptitude, and judgment which are requisite in business. He has no *knowledge* on any subject; he simply has a jumbled mass of *information*, which may be sound or unsound, and which he cannot turn to any practical account. He has no *executive ability*; his powers have not been trained to *action* and disciplined in *achievement*; he has been all his life reading *about* how things are done, instead of *learning to do them*.

This is all wrong. Young men should reduce their education to practice as they go along. They should learn to *do*. They should *study* less, and *work* more; *read* less, and *think* more; that, instead of being mere useless, superficial, imbecile automatons, they may become thorough, practical, executive men, capable of doing what they undertake up to the last notch of perfection, and with a vigor and rapidity in keeping with the characteristics of the age.

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A HUMBUG BOOK.

A work entitled "The Life and Beauties of Fanny Fern," which was published in New York some two years ago and died a natural death, has recently been re-issued from the press of a Philadelphia publisher. The book contains no "Life" of Fanny Fern, nor any of her "Beauties." It is simply a catchpenny, bogus affair, that is published without Fanny Fern's knowledge or consent, and which people would do well not to waste their money upon. We are astonished that any publisher who is considered respectable should peril his good name by appending it to such a flat, trashy, and unsatisfactory work.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

PEEPS AT PHILADELPHIA.

NUMBER TWO.

If you want to see unmasked human nature, keep your eyes open in railroad cars and on steamboats. See that man now, poring over a newspaper, while he is passing through scenery where the shifting lights and shadows make pictures every instant, more beautiful than an artist ever dreamed. See that woman, who has journeyed with her four children hundreds of miles alone—as I am proud to say women may safely journey in Ameri ca, (if they behave themselves,)—travel-stained, care-worn and weary, listening to, and answering patiently and pleasantly the thousand and one questions of childhood; distributing to them, now a cracker, now a sip of water from the cask in the corner, brushing back the hair from their flushed brows, while her own is throbbing with the pain, of which she never speaks. In yonder corner are two Irish women, each with a little red-fretted baby, in the universal Erin uniform of yellow; their little heads bobbing helplessly about in the bumping cars, screaming lustily for the comfort they well know is close at hand, and which the public are notified they have at last found, by a ludicrously instantaneous suspension of their vociferous cries. Beautiful as bountiful provision of Nature! which, if there were no other proof of a God, would suffice for me.

There is a surly old fellow, who wont have the windows open, though the pale woman beside him mutely entreats it, with her smelling-salts to her nose. Yonder is an old bachelor, listening to a sweet little blue-eyed girl, who, with untasked faith in human nature, has crept from her mother's side, and selected him for an audience, to say—"that once there was a kid, with two little totty kids, and don't you believe that one night when the old mother kid was asleep," &c., &c. No wonder he stoops to kiss the little orator; no wonder he laughs at her naive remarks; no wonder she has magnetised the watch from his pocket "to hear what it says;" no wonder he smooths back the curly locks from the frank, white brow; no wonder he presses again and again his bachelor lips to that rosy little mouth; no wonder, when the distant city nears us, and the lisping "good-bye" is chirruped, and the little feet are out of sight and sound, that he sighs,—God and his own soul know why! Blessed childhood—thy shortest life, though but a span, hath yet its mission. The tiniest babe never laid its velvet cheek on the sod, till it had delivered its Maker's message—heeded not then, perhaps—but coming to the wakeful ear in the silent night-watch, long after the little preacher was dust. Blessed childhood!

It is funny, as well as edifying. to watch hotel arrivals; to see the dusty, hungry, lack-lustre-eyed travelers drag into the eating-room—take their allotted seats—enviously regard those consumers of dainties who have already had the good fortune, by rank of precedence, to get their hungry mouths filled; to see them at last "fall to," as Americans only know how. Heaven help the landlord! Beefsteak, chicken, omelette, mutton-chops, biscuit and coffee—at one fell swoop. Waiters, who, it is to be hoped, have not been kept breakfastless since early daylight, looking on calm, but disgusted. Now, their appetites appeased, that respectable family yonder begin to notice, that Mr. and Mrs. Fitzsnooks, and Miss Seraphene Fitzsnooks opposite, who are aristocratically delicate in their appetites, are shocked beyond the power of expression. They begin, as they wipe their satisfied lips with their table-napkins, and contemplate Miss Fitzsnooks' showy breakfast-robe, to bethink them of their dusty traveling-dresses; as if—foolish creatures—they were not in infinitely better taste, soiled as they are, than her gaudy finery at so early an hour—as if a man was not a man "for a' that"—aye, and a woman, too—as if there *could* be vulgarity without pretension—as if the greatest vulgarity was not ostentatious pretension.

"*Fairmount*," of which the Philadelphians are so justly proud, is no misnomer. He must be cynical, indeed, hopelessly weak in the *understanding*, who would grumble at the steep ascent by means of which so lovely a panorama is enjoyed. At every step, some new beauty develops itself to the worshiper of nature. In the grey old rocks, festooned with the vivid green of the woodbine and ivy, considerately draping statues for eyes—I confess it, more prudish than mine. The placid Schuylkill, flowing calmly below, with its emerald-fringed banks, nesting the homes of wealth and luxury; enjoyed less, perhaps, by their owners, than by the industrious artisan, who, reprieved from his day's toil, stands gazing at them with his wife and children, and inhaling the breeze, of which, God be thanked, the rich man has no monopoly.

Of course I visited Philadelphia "State-House;" of course I talked with the nice old gentleman who guards the country's relics; of course I stared—with my '76 blood at fever heat—upon the big bell which clanged forth so joyfully our American Independence; of course I stared at the piece of stone-step, from which the news of our Independence was first announced; and of course I wondered how it was possible for it, under such circumstances, to *remain* stone. Of course I sat down in the venerable, high-backed leather chair, in which so many great men of that time, and so many little men of this have reposed. Of course I reverently touched the piece of a pew which formerly was part of "Christ Church," and in which Franklin and Washington had worshipped. Of course I inscribed my name, at the nice old gentleman's request, in the mammoth book for visitors. And of course I mounted to the Cupola of the State House to see "the view;" which, with due submission, I did not think worth (from that point) the strain on my ankles, or the confused state of my cranium, consequent upon repeated losses of my latitude and longitude, while pursuing my stifled and *winding* way.

"The Mint?" Oh—certainly, I saw the Mint; and wondered, as I looked at the shining heaps, that any of Uncle Sam's children should ever want a cent; also, I wondered if the workmen who fingered them, did not grow, by familiarity, indifferent to their value—and to their possesion. I was told that not the minutest particle of the metal, whether fused or otherwise, could be abstracted without detection. I was glad, as I always am, in a fitting establishment, to see *women* employed in various offices—such as stamping the coin, &c.; and more glad still, to learn that they had respectable wages. Heaven speed the time when a thousand other doors of virtuous labor shall be opened to them, and silence forever the heart-rending "Song of the Shirt."

Fanny Fern.

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Do not be Extravagant.—The man who will live above his present circumstances, is in danger of living in a little time much beneath them.

COMPLAINTS AND PETITIONS.

BY ALICE CARY.

There is a good deal of sighing now-a-days, among women, for a "*career*." We want some wider sphere of usefulness—some way opened up whereby we may live out our convictions—some worthier object for our wasting affections. We are useless to the world—nay, burdens to it, and all the while, full of pent up hopes and aspirations that it dreams not of. What shall we do? Can you not give us some advice?

Such is the substance of the complaint and petition that reach me every day, from persons I have never met in the body, and perhaps never shall meet.

Of course, under the circumstances, I am wholly incompetent to lend advice or assistance, for to advise wisely is the most difficult of all tasks, even when perfectly conversant with the abilities and circumstances surrounding the person advised, how much more so, then, when we speak ignorantly, and with only that common interest which attaches itself to all suffering humanity.

I very much doubt, indeed, whether the nature that does not understand its own capacities and requirements can be helped very effectively. When we come to ask, "What shall I do?" it is pretty generally all over with us—the ability *to do*, extends down into knowing what to do. The peculiar circumstances of your sufferings, my good friends, must, to each one of you, suggest the relief. The treatment required by a sprain in the ankle would not answer very well for congestion of brain, though either condition might be described as one of extreme suffering.

Verily, I do not genuinely believe in the miseries that expand all over life, and make it one protracted night of agony—human nature is given to exaggerate the little ills to which it is subjected—in fact to boast of its sorrow—and make its mourning an ostentation.

If one of our household lights goes out—we refuse to be comforted—drape ourselves in black—shut up our doors and windows, and make for ourselves a great deal heavier affliction than God has made for us. We hide our dry eyes that our neighbors may believe in our tears and speak comfortably to us. These affectations extend to the most common-place annoyances, and scarcely a housewife in the country has the tooth-ache, for an hour in the evening, without declaring in the morning that she has not slept a wink all night. If we have a headache it is sure to be an awful headache, and if we have a little cold, it takes our breath away, and we are sure it will end in consumption!

We do the sunshine—the flowers and the fruits—friendships and honors, and all the other excellent provisions of Providence, grievous wrong, all the time, by turning our faces from them, and pretending they are not.

We expect too much of this life, and, therefore, must be disappointed. We are looking far off to some wonderfully good thing, and so overlook the little good thing that is right at our feet. If we look for them, we will find moments of happiness falling into our lives all along the way, but we must not refuse these moments because they are not hours, or days, or years—the conditions of our mortality preclude unmixed enjoyment and we must learn to accept the beatitudes of life, not as permanent, but as drops of the great fountain to which we are climbing through the experiences of pain and pleasure—crosses and death. If we are not what we would be, (and who is?) we must not burn the spirit and life out of the leaven that is in us, by envy and jealousy of those who are above us, but work hopefully and honestly up to our ideal, by the just and sure methods we know.

True, life has its crushing calamities—its blasting accidents, under which human effort sinks powerless; but outside of these we have more to do with making ourselves what we are, than we are willing to admit, and I believe we could often and often trace back our smarts to the fires ourselves have kindled, when we talk *religiously* of the mysterious dealings of Providence. After all, the best blessings of life are common and free to us all—for who so poor that cannot have a friend, and who so rich as he who has a true one?

We are too negligent of "the small sweet courtesies of life" to make friends, and then sit down and complain that nobody cares for us.

In William Wirt's letter to his daughter occurs a passage which I will extract for the benefit of those who have made themselves friendless. He says—"I want to tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasing to others is to show that you care for them. The world is like the miller at Mansfield, who cared for nobody—no, not he—because nobody cared for him. And the whole world will serve you so if you give them the same cause. Let every one, therefore, see that you do care for them, by showing them what Sterne so happily calls 'the small sweet courtesies of life,' in which there is no parade; whose voice is so still, to ease, and which manifest themselves by tender and affectionate looks, and little kind acts of attention—giving others the preference in every little enjoyment—at the table, in the field, walking, sitting, or standing."

These may seem like small things, but try them, my friends, and see what good to yourselves will grow out of them.

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A FEW BLUNDERS CORRECTED.

> Washington was made President on account of his victories; so was Jackson, and so was Taylor. Washington fought some half-a-dozen battles; Jackson about the same number, and Taylor a few less. Allowing an average of six battles to a President, we have had in this country, since the commencement of the Revolution, just enough to make twenty Chief Magistrates—that is one hundred and twenty battles.—*California Paper*.

We must take the liberty of setting our California friend right in his history. In the first place, there were sixty-six battles fought during the Revolution; sixteen with the Northwestern Indians subsequent to the Revolution; fifteen with the Florida Indians; thirty eight during the last war with Great Britain, and thirty-two during the war with Mexico; making, in all, one hundred and sixty-seven battles since the battle of Lexington. This, at six battles to a President, would give us twenty-seven Chief Magistrates and five battles to spare. Washington was in more than six battles, and was not made President on account of his victories, which were less brilliant than those gained by other commanders. It was his known and tried honesty and wisdom and firmness, which made him the favorite of the nation. Jackson also fought more than six battles, and so did "Old Zach." In fact, our California cotemporary has committed about as many blunders as could easily be got into so short a paragraph.

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False Wit.—False wit, like false money, only passes current with those who have no means of comparison.

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Revolutions.—Revolutions are like earthquakes; if they overturn much that is faulty, they destroy also much that is good.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

A little political editor complains that his paper has been stolen from the house of a subscriber. If the thief was not as deficient in taste as in honesty, he probably, on discovering what he had got, felt a good deal like the pickpocket who, finding nothing but counterfeit money in a purse he had stolen, exclaimed, in wrath, "Hang the fellow, he has swindled me."

A Yankee made a bet with a Dutchman, that he could swallow him. The Dutchman lay down upon the table, and the Yankee, taking his big toe in his mouth, nipped it severely. "Oh, you are *biting* me," roared the Dutchman. "Why, you old fool, "said the Yankee, "did you think I was going to swallow you whole?"

There are occasional showers of meteoric stones, which some philosophers think are sent off from the moon. When we see and hear the multitudes of dogs in some of our western cities, we are tempted to wonder if there has not been a shower from the dog-star.

A man in Iowa had his nose bitten off the other day in an affray begun by himself. Of course he is in no danger of being indicted for getting up the quarrel. Any Grand Jury that may examine his case and face will have to report "*No bill found.*"

A dishonest and malignant critic, by severing passages from their context, may make the best book appear to condemn itself. A book, thus unfairly treated, may be compared to the laurel—there is honor in the leaves but poison in the extract.

Knaves sometimes outwit themselves by their cunning. It is not every rogue that, like a bowl, can best gain his object by deviating from a straight line. There is, however, one straight line, to which the rogue's deviations are very apt to conduct him.

"I have seen a good workman who would get up the inside of a watch for eighteen shillings," said a jeweller. "Oh, that is nothing," said his friend, "I have seen boys who would get up the inside of a chimney for sixpence."

A portrait painter advertises in New York, that his portraits "never lie." If that's the case, a certain class of people should be careful not to employ him, for the portraits would be very unlike the originals.

"Did you not tell me that this morass was hard at the bottom?" cried a poor fellow to a traveler, after having sunk into it up to his knees. "Oh, yes; but you are not half way to the bottom yet."

An eloquent advocate of temperance writes that he is "carrying on the temperance cause with spirit." We learn that some few of the pretended champions of that cause occasionally carry it on with ardent spirit.

An Illinois editor, speaking of one of the writers for the Ledger, claims to be "able to endure most kinds of people," but says he "can't bear a natural fool." Unfortunately his "maternal ancestor" could.

A country editor says that we may question his veracity, but that we have no veracity to question. We should never think of questioning such veracity as his, for it won't answer.

A lady has just sent us a basket of fruit, the very sight of which, she thinks, must make us smack our lips. We thank her, and would greatly prefer smacking hers.

"And so you have married a Mr. Penny," said a gentleman to a lady of his acquaintance. "No, Mr. *Pence*," she replied. "Ah," said he, "you have done better than I thought."

"Look me right in the face," said a man sternly to another. "You appear to have two faces," replied the latter, "and no man that doesn't squint can look you in both at the same time."

A writer on domestic economy, in giving instructions for keeping eggs fresh, says, "lay them with the small end down." He does not specify whether this direction is for the hen or the housewife.

A militia officer in Texas boasts through the papers that his men "would rally at the tapping of the drum." Perhaps they would rally still more promptly at the tapping of a keg.

"Well, George," asked a friend of a young lawyer, "how do you like your profession?" "Alas, sir, my profession is much better than my practice."

There will always be this important difference between a coquette and a woman of sense and modesty, that while one courts every man, every man will court the other.

Unquestionably deafness is generally a calamity. In the company of some people, however, it is decidedly a blessing.

When we hear men boast of their own talents, we incline to think that their talents should be reckoned as the East Indians reckon rupees—by the *lack*.

Elderly unmarried ladies are considered by some persons the least enviable of all kinds of waiting-maids.

It would be a good thing if all such controversies as can never end were never to begin.

It is said that long words, like long dresses, frequently hide something wrong about the understanding.

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CURRENT ITEMS.

Three men and a dog, crossing Red River in a canoe, were upset and thrown into the water. While the men were bailing out the canoe, which they had righted, they saw an alligator swimming towards them, and fled. The dog, however, (which was a courageous mastiff,) showed fight, and was soon crushed by the monster's jaws, who at once sank with his prey. The brave old dog's courage, though fatal to himself, enabled the men to escape.

A lady in St. Paul, Minnesota, was lately awakened from sleep by an acute pain in her forehead, and on jumping up discovered that a rat was gnawing a hole over her right eye. A light was at once struck and the wound dressed, but it rapidly swelled and inflamed, and fears are entertained that it will prove fatal.

A couple of lovers were recently married in Detroit, whose ages together amounted to one hundred and seventy-five years; the groom being eighty-eight and the bride eighty-seven. The latter was coy and bashful, and requested the justice of the peace who performed the ceremony "to shut the door, so nobody could look on."

A few days ago an engine boiler in a manufactory in Harrisburg, Pa., exploded with a terrific crash. The ball of the safety-valve was thrown a great distance, and coming down on the roof of a house, passed entirely through three stories to the ground.

At the last term of the District Court in Woodville county, Texas, a Frenchman was prosecuted for calling a neighbor a *corn* thief, and the jury gave the plaintiff $5,000 damages. A "corn thief" must be something very despicable in Texas.

The family of Mr. Edward Gill, of Chesterfield, Va., were all poisoned recently by their household slaves, who introduced sugar of lead and other poisons into the food and drink prepared for the family. Two of the children have died, and the rest are near death's door.

A little boy, four and a half years old, a son of Dr. Brosling, of Broome street, fell into a cistern a few days since, and was drowned. Open cisterns should be prohibited by law in the city.

A woman named Campbell, living in First Avenue, was attacked by a dog a few evenings since, and the flesh torn off her left cheek. The dog was supposed to be mad.

The Empress Eugenie has discharged her favorite Maid of Honor, for telling the Princess Demidoff the secret of her Majesty's incomparable crinoline.

The hottest place *on the globe* has been determined. It is the tract of country between the first and second cataracts of the Nile in Northern Africa.

As Mrs. Ellen Harrison, of McConnelsville, Ohio, was sitting in her room reading the Bible a short time since, she was struck with lightning and instantly killed.

A family named Henderson, in Lake county Indiana, were lately poisoned by eating wild parsnips, which they mistook for the cultivated root.

Three men who were recently riding in a buggy from Bass River to Harrisville, Pa., were overtaken by a thunder-storm, and killed by a stroke of lightning.

Professor Henry, the distinguished *savan*, says he knows but *one man* among the scientific men of the United States, who is an infidel

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"New York Boarding Houses" is the title of a handsome volume just issued by Mason Brothers. It is one of the most entertaining books we have read in some time. The author, Mr. Thomas Butler Gunn, who is one of our most skilful artists, has embellished the work with numerous graphic illustrations, which add much to its attractiveness.

A DIRGE.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

'Twas her fourth birth-day, and the morning rose
Bright as a dream of Eden, but she lay
Within her snow-white shroud in cold repose,
A form of beautiful unbreathing clay;
Sweet spring-flowers lay beside her in their bloom
And one unopened bud was in her hand,
An emblem of her doom, no, not *her* doom,
For she will blossom in the better land.

She came, and passed to her bright home above
Ere yet one cloud had darkened life's young springs,
Ere hope had faded in her heart, or love
Within her soul had shut its wounded wings;
She was all truth, and love, and loveliness,
And it is well such pure, sweet ones should die—
Upon the earth there is a blossom less,
But oh, there is an added star on high.

Though we be doomed awhile on earth to stay,
'Tis sin to mourn when sinless beings die,
To grieve when earth's frail beauty fades away
In the immortal beauty of the sky,
To murmur when the young and lovely wake
From this dark sleep and all its tearful dreams,
And go 'mid songs of cherub bands to take
Their angel plumage by the Eden streams.

THE ISLAND PRINCESS.

A ROMANCE OF THE OLD AND NEW WORLD.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

Author of "The Lost Heiress," "The Deserted Wife," "The Missing Bride," "Retribution," etc.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York

CHAPTER XV.

THE GIRL-CAPTAIN.

> "Let them be sea-captains, if they will!"
> MARGARET FULLER ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

Susan commenced and related just so much of the particulars of the shipwreck as had reached her through the public press, and through the conversation of those persons with whom she had been thrown in company. One important fact, however, she reserved for a separate recital—that fact was the discovery and burial of the drowned body of Victoire L'Orient.

Lady Montressor listened, with her head bowed upon her hand, with her long, black ringlets falling veil-like around her beautiful pale face, and with her full, dark eyes lowered mournfully to the ground. But that consuming grief had long ago dried up the fountain of her tears, they must have fallen thick and fast over the sad recital. As it was, her lovely eyes were tearless, and her deep melodious voice calm, as she commented on what she heard.

"It was indeed a fearful tragedy; but life is full of tragedies that the eyes of the world see not, or the mind of the world ignores—heart-tragedies! soul-tragedies! storms in which not ships and cargoes, but hopes and aspirations are engulphed forever!"

"But Lord Montressor, dear lady! surely his heroism——"

"Was a portion of himself, and does not in the least surprise me, my girl!"

"Will nothing give her pleasure? not even her lover's heroism?" inquired Susan of herself, as she watched the colorless, motionless face of her mistress.

"Do not confine yourself to this room with me, my girl. Get your bonnet and take a walk—only be discreet, keep to the back streets, and the shady side, and do not raise your veil. Go, Susan," said the lady, considerate of her attendant's welfare.

"Thank you, dear Madam, but I have no desire to do so. Besides, I have not told you all."

"I think you have, my child; pray do not recur to the subject, my Susan," said the lady, wearily.

"But mistress, dear, this event that I have to tell you, so nearly, so vitally concerns yourself."

The lady mournfully, incredulously shook her head.

"Let me tell you, madam; indeed I have it upon my conscience to tell you; I should have told you before but I was afraid to divulge it suddenly, lest I should do you an injury; and every time I approached the subject gradually, you repelled me and repelled me. Oh! it was as if a drowning lady had waived off—and waived off the life-boat that was coming to save her. And besides there are some names that you will never endure to hear uttered in your presence."

"Susan! memory is a rack; and I—seek forgetfulness—as if that were possible, great Heaven!"

"Mistress, may I speak?"

"Go on."

"Monsieur Victoire L'Orient——"

"HOLD!" cried Lady Montressor, starting and then sinking back in the corner of her chair, collapsed, cowering, shuddering, as if that name had been a musket shot sent through her bosom.

"IS NO MORE," peristed Susan, following up the shrinking form of her mistress, and speaking close to her ear—"is no more, do you hear, lady? is dead, drowned, buried in the sea!"

Lady Montressor lifted a pale, wild, incredulous face to the speaker.

"Yes, dead, drowned, buried in the sea," repeated the girl, emphatically.

Lady Montressor changed neither attitude nor expression, but remained gazing almost fiercely upon the speaker.

"In a word, Madam, he was lost on the Mercury?"

"Why, so he was on the 'Duke of Anjou!'" said the lady, in a strange, ironical tone.

"I know; but this time, lady, he was drowned."

"So he was before. He does not mind it, Susan; it does not affect him in the least!" said Estelle, incredulously.

"Madam, drowning certainly disagreed with him this time."

"I think it will be found that he is well and hearty, Susan."

"Oh! I see you don't believe it. But there is a full account of the whole affair in the Baltimore American."

"Why, so there was of the other affair in the London Times—a reliable paper, Susan; yet you know the result."

"Oh, my lady, but it is true now, beyond all doubt, that the wretched man is dead. People don't get over such *attacks* twice—the second time is sure to be fatal—it was so in his case. His body was picked up by the Queen Charlotte. Lord Montressor and Mr. Levering, the man whom Lord Montressor saved, swore to the identity, which was also farther proved, if farther proof had been necessary, by the papers found on his person, and by the marks on his clothes. His identity was proved and recorded, and he received Christian burial, in the presence of the whole ship's crew. Lord Montressor and Mr. Levering, among the others, saw his body committed to the deep."

While Susan spoke thus earnestly—solemnly—the ironical, insane incredulity of the listener was lost in conviction and awe. The face of the beautiful Estelle underwent a great and fearful change. She, so pale before, grew still paler, grew livid, while a blue circle darkened around her eyes; she seemed on the verge of swooning, but rallied her powers, and clinging to the arm of her chair for support, inquired in a husky, almost sepulchral voice—

"*Is this true?*"

"True as Gospel, dear lady! your mortal foe is dead."

"Then may the Lord have mercy on his soul!—for he greatly needed mercy," said Lady Montressor, solemnly.

There was a pause of some half hour, during which Lady Montressor covered her face, and remained in deep thought and prayer, and then the lady spoke—

"Susan, you may take the walk I advised, and while you are out go down to the Ocean House, and see Miss Brande, and let her know that I have fully decided on taking the lease of the Headland, and that if she will have the documents drawn up to-day, I will immediately conclude the business."

Susan looked disappointed and distressed, and did not move to obey.

"Did you hear my order, Susan?"

"Yes, Madam, I heard! pardon me; but, dearest lady, dearest mistress, will not what I have just told you affect your resolution?"

"In what respect?"

"In respect of your retiring from the world to that lonely sea-coast."

"Why should it?"

"Dearest lady, pardon me; pardon one who loves you more than her own life, for speaking upon this subject; but remember now that you are forever free from all possibility of annoyance from that haunting man; remember now that happiness is within your grasp."

"Susan, forbear."

"Mistress, hear me! have mercy on yourself, and, above all, on *him!* Do not go to that lone, sea-coast house; stay here and wait for him; he has followed you across the sea, he will find you in a few days; see him, lady; listen to him; and then do as you will. Not the most ascetic monk, or nun, or the most puritanical pietist of any persuasion could venture to criticise your course, it has been, through all this trying time, so blameless. Nor could saint nor angel censure you now for receiving him. See him, hear him, lady! Oh! would to Heaven there were some wiser one than I am here to talk to you—some great learned divine in whom you would have confidence. I, alas! I am unlearned in Theology, and my simple wisdom of the heart may be despised," said Susan, almost weeping.

LORD MONTRESSOR'S INTRODUCTION TO THE CAPTAIN OF THE PETREL.

"You know that is not so, my child. I would trust the 'simple wisdom' of your true heart as soon—aye, sooner than the opinion of the Archbishop of York. Is not your relation to me more nearly that of friend than of an attendant, Susan? Are you not in my confidence? Do I not often take counsel with you, child?"

"Yes, dear lady, but—if you would only this once take the *benefit* of my counsel," replied the girl with a latent dash of humor that respect for her unhappy mistress kept subdued.

"Susan, my good and loving child," began the lady in a mournful voice, "I will tell you, then, why I may not see Lord Montressor. True, the haunter of my days is dead—but *not* dead is the dreadful memory that I had been his—'victim'—as good Mr. Oldfield mercifully termed it. True, also, that the law and the church not only acquitted, but vindicated me—not only pronounced me not guilty but positively INNOCENT; but that does not free me from the clinging degradation of having been tried upon a criminal charge! My peace is ruined, my fame blighted, my hopes blasted—I am a human wreck, a walking shadow, a living death—unfit to match with the vital glory of Charles Montressor's future. He is a man of brilliant genius. He is distinguished, and will be celebrated. Every successful man has hosts of bitter, carping, envious foes—vigilant, quick, cruel, in seizing, denouncing and exposing any possible flaw in his life, character or circumstances. Shall *such* have power to say of Lord Montressor—'He married the "victim" of a French conspirator'—'His wife was once a prisoner before Exeter Assizes.' No, no! Oh, no! Merciful Heaven, no!"

"But, lady! sweet mistress! hear your poor Susan, yet a little while longer. Suppose you let his lordship have a voice in deciding this matter, which concerns his happiness quite as much as it does yours. Suppose you let him say to you what we know he says to himself—'I prize this precious hand of yours more highly than all that mankind could possibly lavish upon me. I should consider the loss of it a heavier calamity than the loss of the favor of the whole world'—what then?"

"Susan! Susan! sooner than join my dishonored life to his most honored one, I would fly to the most savage extremities of the earth—yes! but for the grace of God, sooner than that, I would leave the earth itself!" she exclaimed, with passionate earnestness.

"Lady, lady, I will say no more," said Susan, beginning to weep—a sure resort with her when there was nothing else to be done.

Lady Montressor dropped her brow upon her hand again, and fell into deep thought for a few minutes, at the end of which she lifted her head and said—

"Susan, my child, you followed a generous but too hasty impulse in leaving home, and friends, and country, to share the fortunes of a blighted woman like myself. I was very wrong to permit you to do it. I should have seen this at the time, but that the very tumult and passion of my flight swamped every other thought. But it is not yet too late to repair the injury that has been done you."

"My lady! good Heaven! what do you mean?" exclaimed Susan, clasping her hands in deprecation of what she felt was coming next.

"Susan, I can send you back to England."

"I have offended you! Oh, I have offended you! Forgive me, my lady! my dear, dearest lady!" cried Susan, wringing her hands.

"No, you have not, my girl! my poor girl. How could you offend me, Susan? Never did I value you more highly than at this moment, when I talk of sending you from me, and it is for the very reason that I esteem you so much, I wish to discharge you. I think of your future, Susan. If you leave me and return to England, you will probably lead a cheerful, happy life, and in good time marry happily; while, if you accompany me to my sad retreat, what is before you but a dreary, solitary life, and an age of old-maidenhood?"

"My lady, I haven't seen such joy among the married as ever to envy them, the dear knows! and, besides, I have always heard it said that a woman's life is in her affections, and I believe it. Now your poor Susan's affections centre upon you. It would break her heart to leave you. In a word, dear lady, if you were to order her to depart, she would, for the first time in her life, disobey you, and follow you until you gave her house room or—in charge of the police!" said Susan, falling into that lurking humor, that under happier circumstances would have developed into wit. "Marry-come-up! I mean Miserabili! Am I not a sort of protege of your ladyship? Didn't you take me, a poor little bare-footed girl, out of a hillside hovel, and didn't you dress me neatly and put me into your own park school? and didn't you encourage me week by week, and month by month, and year by year, to learn? And didn't you take me thence into your own service, and still stimulate me to improve my mind, and didn't you lend me books, and even direct my reading? And didn't you, month by month, and year by year, absorb more and more of my life into your own, until now I have no life without you? And do you now talk of casting me off?——Forgive me, dear lady, I have spoken freely, I fear, also impertinently, but I have spoken *truly*. I cannot leave you."

Lady Montressor turned away her head to conceal the emotion that disturbed her countenance, and after a little while she said—

"Well! well! we will talk of this another time, Susan! Meanwhile, hurry down to the Ocean House, and bring that young woman to me; the facts that you have imparted make it necessary to be expeditious."

With a deep sigh Susan arose, put on her straw bonnet with the thick green veil, drew a black silk scarf closely around her sloping shoulders, and went quietly out upon her errand.

In two hours she returned, accompanied by Barbara Brande, young Willful, and a lawyer, with the deed of lease.

Lady Montressor sat in her closely curtained parlor, near a corner table, with her elbow on its top, and her head averted from what little light there was, and resting upon her hand, her long black ringlets falling around, and throwing into deeper shadow the features of her beautiful face. And so she received the party.

Barbara Brande first approached, and saluting her respectfully, said that she had brought the lawyer with the lease, and her elder brother as a witness.

Lady Montressor slightly lifted her eyelids, acknowledged the presence of these others with a bow, and addressing Barbara, said—

"Let your attorney read the documents, Miss Brande—he need not come nearer, I can hear his voice from where he stands. Susan, place a chair for the gentleman—Miss Brande, sit near him, if you please."

Barbara retreated, and instructed the lawyer to begin.

The documents were read and approved.

Then Barbara brought the articles and laid them upon the table before the lady for her signature.

Susan dipped a pen in ink and handed it to her mistress, who affixed her name to both documents, *Le Estel.* Then the pen was passed to Barbara, who signed hers, and next to Susan Copsewood, who attached her firm autograph as first witness, and finally to young Willful Brande, who wrote his name as second witness. The articles were then delivered, Lady Montressor receiving one copy and Barbara Brande the other. The payment for the first year was then tendered in advance, but Barbara preferred that the funds should be devoted to the repairs of the house, and that matter being amicably arranged, the business was completed. The lawyer arose to take his leave, and was permitted to do so; but when Barbara and her brother would have departed, Lady Montressor made a sign, desiring them to remain for a few moments.

Barbara returned and took the chair that had been placed for her accommodation by Susan.

Willful seated himself modestly at some distance.

"You were a sufferer by the wreck of the unfortunate Mercury?" said Lady Montressor, in a voice of deep commiseration.

"Madam, she was my father's vessel; when she went down I lost—my father, my brother, and my betrothed—all, all except these two boys, for whom I live."

"Brave girl! that you live for them!"

"Ah! Madam, you know then, that sometimes, in this world of ours, it requires more courage to live, than to die."

Lady Montressor essayed to speak, but only bowed; and after a short pause, slightly changed the subject, by saying—

"But, Miss Brande, is not the career you have chosen a strange, trying life for a woman—especially a young and handsome woman?"

"Not when her name is Barbara Brande;—not when she has been brought up on the sea and loves it; not when she is strong and courageous; not when fate, by striking her one stunning blow, has made her insensible to personal danger; not when a storm of grief has rendered her, by the strength of despair, fit to cope with all other storms; not when she has two brothers to establish in life, who, like all of their race, herself included, perhaps, are fit for nothing but the sea," said Barbara, earnestly.

"Pray, forgive my interference; it is the interest with which you have inspired me, Miss Brande, that urges me to speak—but would it not be better to place your brothers, since they must learn navigation and seamanship, with some merchant captain, in whom you have confidence, and then seek, for yourself, some more feminine occupation or interest on shore?"

"Madam, *no;* I cannot leave my boys, nor let them leave me—particularly for the sea. Besides, my life is not the life of other women; calamities like mine can never be forgotten."

"Do not say so; you are young yet; at your age, *all* misfortunes may be outlived and forgotten—*except guilt or disgrace,*" added the lady, in a thrilling, passionate, solemn voice.

"Neither the one nor the other has ever approached our poor household, honored Madam; and never shall, while Barbara Brande holds authority over it."

"You speak with great assurance, young woman. Know that it is not *always* in human power to ward off those heaviest of human ills!"

"I speak, dear Madam, with a faith in the Divine protection, as far from presumption, on the one hand, as it is from doubt on the other. The Lord prospers faithful endeavor. It is to ward off temptation from them, that I choose to watch over my brothers. There is no human guardian like an elder sister, excepting, only, a mother."

"A mother," repeated Lady Montressor, sadly and thoughtfully, recurring, perhaps, to the fine London belle, who had shuffled off her maternal cares and responsibilities upon a worthless French nurse, and an unprincipled French governess; and whose dereliction from duty had been the origin of all her daughter's calamities.

"I lost *mine* at a very early age, yet, ever since, have I been the mother of my young brothers; and if ever I grow impatient of their boyish ways, I have only to remember they are my dear mother's orphan children, to bear with them cheerfully. The calling that I have chosen, for their sake as well as my own, is not less befitting a woman, than that of the stage, the counter, the bar, or any of the hundred ways by which poor women earn their bread, or support their families. That it requires more courage and firmness, surely does not render it more unfit for woman; no woman will say that."

"No, no; it surely does not."

"I would rather," said Barbara, "work a ship through the fiercest tempest that ever a ship *survived,* than stand before the foot-lights of a stage, face a mixed audience, and act out a part in a play, during a whole evening—as I find even cultivated women sometimes do in this city of yours. Why, I hear the old sea captains, down at the Ocean House, criticising their personal points! My chosen life may be unfeminine, but it will not expose me to indignities," said Barbara.

"I have no more to say. We will rest the argument," said Lady Montressor.

Barbara arose to take leave.

"Stay, Miss Brande, if you please. I did not call you back for a fruitless talk. I understood you to say that your vessel would be your future home?"

"Yes, Madam."

"Will it be your *only* one? Forgive the question, and answer it frankly as it is asked."

"It will."

"Then, Miss Brande, permit me—I know how deep the attachment one feels to her native home; I know how strong yours must be to the Headland. Myself and maid will take up but little room in that large house; therefore, when you return from your voyage, come there as heretofore; your two old servants will still be there to serve you; come with your brothers and make it your home as before."

"Madam, you are very good. Your most generous offer has taken me by surprise; and well as I should like to accept it, I am not sure that it would be right for us to profit by your extraordinary kindness," said Barbara, with emotion.

"I do beseech you, my dear girl, not to hesitate, not to entertain the least scruple upon this subject. I assure you that your return to the Headland will be a personal satisfaction."

"Again I thank you from the depths of my heart, lady; but I cannot gain my own consent at once to take advantage of your kind offer. It would seem too selfish and grasping on my part."

"Take time, then, my dear girl; but remember this the while, that at *all* times the sight of your sail near the Headland, or your face within its doors, can bring nothing but pleasure to its lessee."

"I thank you earnestly, dear lady; and I promise you that whenever I return from a voyage, whether I spend much time with you or not, my sail shall be seen off the Headland, and my face within your doors," said Barbara, gratefully, and once more she made a move to go.

"Stay yet a moment. I wish to depart immediately for that house."

"Before it is repaired, Madam?"

"Yes—before it is repaired. If it were barely habitable for you and your brothers, it is also habitable for me; and I can superintend the repairs on the spot. I suppose workmen can be found in the neighborhood?"

"There is *no* neighborhood, dear lady; but workmen can be had from the village of Eastville."

"Very well—that will answer my purpose. Now tell me, Miss Brande, do you know of any vessel about to sail that could take us there?"

"The Sea Mew will sail to-morrow, with the first tide, for Havana. They have accommodations for passengers, but no passengers, I think. She is a good ship. If you were ready to sail in her, Captain Brewster could put you on shore at the Headland."

"I will go if I can get a berth. Miss Brande, could you do me the great favor of letting your brother ascertain whether I can get one?"

"I have not the least doubt that you can secure a berth; but I will assure myself as to the fact from Captain Brewster himself, who boards at the Ocean House; and I will send Willful to let you know."

"I thank you very much."

"There is one thing I should tell you—two things, indeed: first, it is necessary that you should take a supply of provisions down with you, as there is no store nearer to the Headland than Eastville—secondly, that if you go at all, you should go on board *to-night.*"

"I thank you for your careful instructions, Miss Brande, and shall endeavor to follow them."

"I will now take leave of you, lady, as no time should be lost in seeing Captain Brewster and securing a berth. Good-bye, Madam."

"Good-bye for the present. If I go, I shall see you again this evening, if I do not go, I shall see you frequently during our stay."

"And if it should so happen that you should not obtain a passage in the Sea Mew, Madam, the Petrel will sail in a week, and I should be very glad to have you, and could make you passably comfortable in my cabin."

"I thank you, Miss Brande; and indeed but for the great haste I am in, I should much prefer to go with you. By the way, shall you stop at the Headland on your way down the Bay?"

"In any case, *yes*, Madam, I shall be obliged to do so."

"Then if I am there in advance of you, I shall be happy to receive you."

"I thank you, Madam—now indeed I must hasten away. Good day, Madam."

"Good day, Miss Brande."

And, declining Susan's attendance, Barbara and her brother retired.

"Now, Susan, we must have all things in readiness, in case, as I expect, we shall be able to obtain a passage on the Sea Mew. Pack up my trunks at once, girl, and afterwards we can attend to those out-door matters."

Susan obeyed, and the afternoon was so well spent in preparation, that when at sunset Willful Brande presented himself with the information that the lady and her attendant could have a berth in the Sea Mew, coupled with a request that they would come on board that night, because the vessel was to sail with the first tide in the morning, he found them in readiness to depart.

Willful Brande, by his sister's directions, offered his services to assist, called a carriage, helped the travelers into it, and after seeing them off, remained behind to load and bring the dray with their baggage.

Barbara met her new friend on the wharf, and accompanied her on board the Sea Mew.

They found the skipper, a bluff, hearty, gallant old sailor, waiting on the deck. He received his lady passenger with studied politeness, and handed her down into a comfortable cabin. And Barbara having seen the lady and her attendant fairly installed, took leave of them with the promise to stop at the Headland on her way down the Bay. In another hour Willful Brande arrived with the dray containing the luggage, which was conveyed on board, and stowed away.

And the next morning, at sunrise, the Sea Mew having on board Lady Montressor and her maid, sailed for Havana.

The wind was fresh and fair, the weather fine, the water scenery grand, the whole circumstances animating, as holding out the prospect of a quick and pleasant voyage.

The lady and her attendant were accommodated with a state-room in the captain's cabin; that state-room had, through the care of Barbara, been neatly arranged—the berths covered with white counterpanes, and the window hung with a white muslin curtain. The cabin, through the courtesy of Captain Brewster, was given up almost exclusively to the use of his passengers.

But the sad Estelle passed the most of her time, both by day and by night, in sitting by the window of her state-room, looking out upon the heaving sea.

It was on the ninth day of their passage down the Bay, and just at sunset, that Captain Brewster came into the cabin and informed the lady that they were approaching Brande's Headland.

Estelle put on her bonnet and mantle, and followed by Susan, went up on deck, and looked out for her future home.

And there, a mile to the right, before them loomed the dark and dreary Headland, crowned with its ancient trees and half-ruined house.

Their baggage was already in the boat that was waiting to take them to the shore.

The captain assisted the lady and her maid to descend, and followed them into it, the oarsmen plied their oars, and in twenty minutes they reached the shore.

The captain handed his passengers to the beach, ordered the baggage taken out, and finally came up to the lady, expressed his regret at her departure, bade her adieu, and re-entered his boat which was rowed rapidly back to the ship.

And, Estelle, and her maid, were left standing alone in the twilight on the beach.

CHAPTER XVI.

PURSUIT.

> "Oh! thou lost
> And ever gentle lady—whose most fearful
> Fate darkens earth and Heaven—where thou now art
> I know not—but if thou now saw'st what I am,
> I think thou would'st relent."
> BYRON.

The same evening Lord Montressor sat alone in his private apartment in the City Hotel. He looked pale and worn. A month had passed since his arrival in Baltimore, and notwithstanding his utmost endeavors, he had discovered no clue to his lost bride. He had come to the conclusion that she had left the city, and this evening he had formed the resolution, to leave next morning for New York.

While thus he sat in moody silence, neglecting the evening paper that lay upon the table beside him, the door opened and Gridley, his lordship's valet, presented himself.

Gridley was a grave, respectable looking, middle-aged man, rather bald-headed and stout, clothed in black, and having quite the air of a high church clergyman.

"Well, Gridley?"

"Well, my lord! I have most important information for your lordship," said his lordship's gentleman, pompously.

"Speak! what is it? Anything in regard to your lady?" exclaimed Lord Montressor, rising anxiously.

"Yes my lord! If ever I saw Lady Montressor in my life, I saw her ladyship come out of a house and enter a carriage to-night."

"At what hour? Where? Speak, man, in the name of Heaven!"

"From number ten ——— street."

"You are sure?"

"As the carriage drove off and the people who had opened the house door for her ladyship, went in and shut it, I ran up the steps and took the number."

"And then?"

"I ran down again as fast as I could and went after the carriage at the height of my speed. But though I walked so fast, the carriage which was driven very rapidly, distanced me, and rolled out of my sight."

"In what direction?"

"Towards the wharfs, my lord."

"At what hour was this?"

"About half past eight, your lordship."

"You are *sure* the house from which she went was——?"

"Number ten ——— street, my lord, assuredly."

"Go call a cab."

The valet bowed and at once withdrew to obey.

Lord Montressor exchanged his dressing gown for a close-bodied coat, took his hat and gloves and in three minutes—by the time that Mr. Gridly put his head into the door to announce the cab, —he was ready to enter it.

He took out his watch.

"It is now half past ten;—a late hour to make a call—but under present circumstances, I cannot afford to be fastidious. I shall ascertain if she lives in that house, and if not, *where* she lives," thought his lordship as he took his seat in the carriage.

"Where shall I go, sir?" asked the cabman.

"Number ten —— street," said Lord Montressor.

A drive of half an hour brought them to the house. Lord Montressor alighted and looked at his watch; it was now eleven o'clock. He looked at the house; every window was darkened, every room silent, every inmate apparently asleep. He was very much disappointed. He had hoped to have reached the house some fifteen minutes earlier, and that some fortunate chance, such as an evening party, an absent inmate, a late guest, or any among the thousand and one daily events, that happen to keep a family up at night, might have occurred this evening.

He was, as I said, very much disappointed.

He could almost have found it in his heart to call up the household to put to them the questions upon which he felt as if his fate depended. But this he knew, however desirable, was totally inadmissible. Ah! had he known the vital importance of these passing previous hours, he would have roused the family!

As it was, he said to himself—that he was weakly and culpably impatient—that a few hours could make no difference—that the morning was altogether the more proper time for making his meditated call and inquiry; and so determining, he re-entered the cab, and gave the order—

"Back to the hotel."

At ten o'clock the next morning, Lord Montressor entered a hack, and drove to the house in —— street. Without waiting for the hackman's ring to be answered, he alighted and went up the steps, and reached the portico just as a man-servant opened the door.

"Is Lady Montressor in?" was the diplomatic question of his Lordship.

"Lady Montressor does not live here, sir," answered the negro.

"Can you tell me where she *does* live?"

"I cannot, sir."

"Send"—— (Lord Montressor glanced up at the name on the door-plate,)—"Mrs. Brownloe here?"

"Yes, sir; walk in, and take a seat, sir; what name shall I take up, sir?"

"Say a gentleman."

"Yes, sir."

The man disappeared, leaving Lord Montressor seated in the drawing-room And presently, the the mistress of the house entered. She was a tall, stout, middle-aged woman, soberly attired in grey.

"Mrs. Brownloe, I infer?" said Lord Montressor, rising, and setting a chair for the lady.

"Yes, sir."

"Lord Montressor, Madam," said his lordship, announcing himself.

"Ah!—resume your seat, my lord. You sent for me?"

"Yes, Madam. I called, if you please, to make enquiry of a lady who left your house in a carriage, last evening, at half-past eight o'clock."

"Oh! you mean Mrs. Estel?"

"Estelle! Estelle!" exclaimed Lord Montressor to himself—then aloud—"Yes, Madam; I speak of Mrs. Estel."

"Oh! she left us, as you said, yesterday evening."

"I should be very grateful to be informed whither she went, Madam?"

"Oh! I don't know! I haven't the least idea in the world. I think she left the city, however."

"Perhaps some member of your family may be better informed."

"Oh, no! I know they are not; because I had some curiosity to know where the lady went, and I made inquiries; no one could satisfy me—all that they knew was the direction that the maid gave the hackman, and that the boy who had charge of the luggage afterwards gave the drayman."

"And that was——?"

"Light street wharf, sir."

"And that is all the intelligence you can give me?"

"All, sir; I am sorry it is so meagre—you are interested in the lady?"

"Yes, Madam. I thank you very sincerely for the information you have given me. Good morning, Madam," said his lordship, not feeling disposed to be questioned in his turn, and rising to take leave.

"To Light street wharf," was the next order given to the hackman, as he re-entered the carriage.

And to Light street wharf he was driven.

On arriving at the spot, he alighted, and walked about among watermen, porters, sailors, laborers, and all the miscellaneous crowd of the docks, and, addressing an old skipper, he inquired what vessels left that wharf since eight the preceding evening.

"The only ship as has left the port at all, capting, is the Sea Mew, Capting Brewster, as sailed from this wharf at sunrise this morning, bound for Havanna," replied the accurate old sailor

"Had she passengers?"

"More'n I can tell you, capting!"

Leaving Mr. Gridley to mingle among the sailors at the wharf, and find out whether the Sea Mew had carried passengers, and whether those passengers were females, Lord Montressor once more re-entered his carriage and drove back to the hotel to await the result.

It was late in the afternoon when Gridley presented himself before his master.

"Well, Gridley?" said his lordship, anxiously

"Well, my lord, I have ascertained that two females, answering to the description of Lady Montressor and her attendant, at nine o'clock last evening embarked on board the Sea Mew, bound for the West Indies."

"Ah! then I have her again; but is it certain that the lady was bound for the West Indies?"

"Yes, my lord, certainly," replied the valet, falling into a very natural mistake.

"Was the information you obtained to be relied upon?"

"Without doubt, my lord, since it was from the hackman that took her ladyship from —— street to the ship, and from the drayman who conveyed her ladyship's baggage to the wharf, and from the porters who assisted in its transportation to the vessel—all of whom I hunted down and questioned, my lord."

"You have done your duty well, and I thank you, Gridley. Did you, by the way, happen to hear of any other vessel soon to sail for the West Indies?"

"No, my lord."

"Hand me the evening paper."

Gridley gave his master the "News."

Lord Montressor turned to the Marine Intelligence, and ran his eye down the list, muttering—

"For Liverpool, um—For Havre, um—um—For New Orleans, um—um—um—For Havana—here we have it! For Havana, the Petrel, Brande master, to sail on the first of October. This is the twenty-fifth of September. Gridley, we sail for Havana in a week—be ready."

"Yes, my lord."

CHAPTER XVII.

CAPTAIN BARBARA'S FIRST VOYAGE.

> "How gloriously her gallant course she goes!
> Her white wings flying—never from her foes;
> She walks the waters like a thing of life,
> And seems to dare the elements to strife.
> Who would not brave the ocean storm, the wreck,
> To move the monarch of her bounding deck!"
> BYRON.

Early the next morning Lord Montressor went down to the wharf to inquire for the Petrel.

A trim, tight-looking little clipper, standing a cable's length down the river, was pointed out to him.

He called a boat, got into it, and directed to be rowed to the Petrel.

On arriving alongside the vessel Lord Montressor found himself in the midst of a busy scene. Many other boats, heavily laden, were around the clipper, the crew of which, seeming to consist of four negroes, were engaged in taking in freight.

Lord Montressor directed his boat to be pulled up to the starboard gangway, and forthwith went on board, where, besides the four black sailors, who were engaged in hauling up heavy bales from the boats on the larboard, he found two manly boys of about ten and twelve standing on the deck.

"Can you direct me to the Captain?" asked Lord Montressor.

The darkies suspended their labors for an instant to look at each other and grin.

"The Captain, my good fellows—the Captain—where is he?" again asked Lord Montressor, thinking they had not understood his first question.

"The gentleman asks for de Captin! My eye, Sam! I reckon he's bound for Point No-point," said one of the men; and all, negro-like, slackened their ropes and left off work, to gaze, grin, or gossip as opportunity might offer.

But before Lord Montressor had time to reiterate his question he was startled by a clear, ringing, sonorous voice, shouting—

"Ahoy there! What are you about men! look alive! look alive! bear a hand! bear a hand! so——!"

The men laid themselves with a good will to their ropes, and the heavy bales and boxes, soon swung between the boats below and the bulwarks above.

Lord Montressor turned to ascertain whence the cheery voice came; and he saw, standing upon the deck, with a small speaking-trumpet in her white hand, a tall, handsome young woman, with a finely-developed form, broadly-expanded chest, frank, resolute countenance, shining black hair, and flashing black eyes. Her dress and hood of coarse grey serge could not disguise her singular beauty.

"So—— That's it! Haul hearty! cheerly boys —cheerly!—so——!" called the same animating voice, as the men hoisted in the freight.

Then she lowered the little speaking-trumpet, and advanced to receive Lord Montressor, who was going towards her.

"Some sister, or daughter, or perhaps wife of the skipper, doing duty in his absence. Some shore-mate acting as ship-mate—a very piquante position, upon my word!" thought Lord Montressor as he paused before the young Amazon, and lifted his hat.

"How do you do, sir? Have you any business with me?" asked Barbara. The tone was frank, short, decided, almost abrupt.

"I have business with the skipper, if you will be so kind as to direct me where to find him, young lady."

"Ah! you wish to see Brande, Master?"

"Yes, Madam."

"Here he is then," said Barbara, laying her hand proudly and fondly on the head of the elder boy, who stood at her side.

Lord Montressor looked surprised and perplexed.

"Excuse me, Madam, did I understand you to say——"

"That this lad is Brande—Master? Yes, sir! The vessel belongs to him and his brother, and sails under his name. But until he attains his majority and acquires a competent knowledge of navigation and seamanship, I, his sister, am Acting Master. I am the responsible person here, sir, if you have business with the ship. (Ahoy, there! Bob! man the long boat and go on shore to bring off those bales.) Now I am ready to listen to you, sir."

"Excuse me, Madam! but expecting to find Captain Brande to treat with, I came on board hoping to be able to secure a passage to the West Indies for myself and men."

"Who are you, sir?" The question was frank, direct, and abrupt like all her talk.

"Pardon me, I should have anticipated your question; I am the Viscount Montressor."

"And how many men have you, sir?"

"Two—a valet and a groom."

"Well, sir, I know of no reason why you should not find a berth here. We are prepared to accommodate a limited number of passengers. (Look alive there, boys!) We sail on the first of October, sir, wind and tide favoring, and shall be glad of your company."

Here was a dilemma!

Lord Montressor was, of course, far too high-bred to *express* his surprise, perplexity and doubt, and he was also too self-possessed to *betray* those emotions to any creature less quick sighted and penetrating than the Amazon before him.

As it was, Barbara saw and understood the utmost extent of his amazement, hesitation and curiosity—perhaps it piqued her, for she suddenly exclaimed—

"Well, sir! since you have come on business, bring it to a conclusion. Question me, sir. Question me, sir. I had far rather be questioned by a gentleman, than see him stand silent before me, suffering the pangs of suppressed curiosity!"

The blood rushed to Lord Montressor's brow, and half in displeasure, half in amusement, he replied—

"I regret very much that I have such a telltale countenance—but I am sure you will pardon me for the involuntary betrayal of the surprise I felt, at finding so young and handsome a woman, in so novel a position."

Barbara bowed—lowly, and perhaps, ironically.

"You arraign me, sir! if not in words, yet in thought. I am put upon my defence. Come, sir! read the indictment—let me hear wherein I have broken the laws of God or man."

("What a termagant!" thought Lord Montressor; but he said)—

"Nay, indeed, Miss Brande, I arraign you not—I simply *wonder*—begging pardon, for even so much."

("He thinks I am a vixen," said Barbara to herself; then aloud)—

"There is no need of wonder, sir. It is all very simple. I am left guardian to two boy brothers, whom I am to support, and to bring up to self-support. I chose the means best fitted to the end."

"But might not some more——I beg pardon, I grow impertinent."

"Not so, since I have challenged examination, sir!—you were about to inquire——?"

"Whether some more proper feminine occupation might not have been found?"

"I thought so! there it is again! What, precisely, do you call proper feminine occupation?—sewing? teaching? acting? keeping boarders? selling goods?" Barbara drew a long and deep inspiration, that seemed to relieve her breast of the weight of these thoughts, and resumed—"No, sir—these may be all sufficiently feminine, but they require certain qualifications in which, happily or unhappily, I am deficient; they also involve, confinement, subordination and patronage—which my soul could not, for an instant, brook! For I am born to freedom, independence and domination!"

"Yet, methinks all these are not incompatible with the life of a hostess, a teacher, or a shopkeeper."

Barbara laughed scornfully.

"Yes, Miss Brande, it does suggest itself to me that a sufficiency of freedom, independence and domination might be found in a house of your own, a school of your own, or a shop of your own."

"And still more in a SHIP of my own!" cried Barbara—her black eyes flashing in triumph and exultation.

Lord Montressor regarded the handsome Amazon, with an expression half of admiration, half of wonder. She continued—

"No, sir, I am unfitted by nature and education to spend my life in pouring out coffee for old bachelors, pointing out A, B, C's to little children, or pulling down goods for idle lady-shoppers. And on the other hand—I am prepared both by constitution and culture for my present vocation. Like all the men and women of my house, I love the sea; from four years old to fourteen, I sailed with my father, who taught me navigation and seamanship, which I, with my ardent attractions to the subject, learned much more readily and thoroughly, than many a dull or unwilling cadet of the Naval schools has done. So being prepared for it, driven towards it, and attracted by it, I enter my sea-life. No, Lord Montressor, there is something in my blood and in my circumstances, that could not brook the quiet land life you have cut out for me! no more than the majority of women could bear the life into which I rush with enthusiasm. Be it so! every one to the bent of their own taste and talent. Such I take to be God's order."

"I have nothing more to say, Miss Brande, except this: Taking it for granted that you are, as you say, well fitted for your position; still, are you *safe?* In exigencies that may arise, when life may depend upon discipline, will your crew obey you?"

Barbara smiled proudly and confidently. "Lord Montressor! you are, doubtless, a better student in history than myself! Have you noticed in your reading, that whenever the reins of government have fallen into the hands of woman, they have been less successful than men in enforcing their authority and putting down revolt? Did England's magnificent Elizabeth ever quail before her ministers, or her people, or fail to enforce her own royal will?—or Russia's terrific Catherine, blench in the bloodiest scenes of her time? There are such Elizabeths and Catherines at the present day, and in the humblest walks of life, sir."

Lord Montressor bowed, and Barbara continued—

"As for my crew, I have the means of compelling them to obedience."

His lordship looked incredulous.

"There are but eight souls in all of this ship's company—first, there is myself, Acting-Master, and my black maid—then come my two brothers, who are devoted to their sister; then my two negroes, who will obey me as only old family servants, who have watched over me on land and sea, from childhood to womanhood, would do; and, lastly, there are two enlisted men—one of whom is an old seaman, who sailed often with my father, and is perfectly reliable; and the other is a young fellow whose countenance is a letter of recommendation, if he had no other—as he has. So that you see, sir, I have not an insubordinate or dangerous character on board."

"I see you have exercised judgment in the selection of your hands."

"With all this, sir, you may not feel sufficient confidence in my competency for the post I have assumed, to trust your valuable life with us for the voyage. Nevertheless, sir, Messrs. Gobright & Co., Merchants, on Light street—men who are not suspected of lunacy, have entrusted me with a very valuable cargo."

Lord Montressor bowed absently; his thoughts had reverted to one far away.

"Am I to understand that you decline a berth with us sir?" inquired Barbara.

This brought his lordship to the point.

"Certainly not, Miss Brande Upon all accounts, I would not forego this opportunity—no, not for a seat in his majesty's cabinet."

"Come, then, into the cabin, and let us arrange the terms—come you, also, Willful. you must learn to transact business," said Barbara, beckoning Lord Montressor and her brother to follow.

They went below, and the terms—where one party was willing and the other anxious—were soon concluded to their mutual satisfaction.

It was near sunset when Lord Montressor left the vessel for the shore, to return to his hotel.

He employed the succeeding days of the week in writing letters to England, and in preparations for his voyage.

Was it strange that, in his conversations with Barbara, he should never once have mentioned or even remotely alluded to the object of his voyage? We think not, for the subject of his lost Estelle was too sacred to be approached, except under urgent necessity, or in the hope of obtaining direct information. And what necessity did there seem to be for taking Barbara into his confidence? what information could he suppose her able to give? or what connection could he possibly imagine to exist between his delicate and reserved Estelle and this brave daughter of the sea? In fact he never once thought of such a possibility. And yet had he once broached the subject, how soon Barbara could have told him that Mrs. Estel had sailed, not for the West India Islands as he supposed, but for a much nearer point, namely, Brande's Headland, a hundred miles or so down the bay.

So full is life of mere paper walls!

It was a fine, frosty morning, the first of October, when the Petrel was to sail. A fresh wind that had sprung up during the night was blowing from the north-west. At daybreak Lord Montressor entered a hack to drive down to the wharf. His valet and groom followed, with the baggage on a dray. A ride of an hour brought them to the scene of embarkation. The wharves presented a busy, animating appearance. The harbor was crowded with shipping, whose tall masts, yards, and ropes were distinctly traced against the back ground of a clear blue sky. But the Petrel stood off at anchor some cable's length down the river. And to reach her it was necessary to hire one of the many boats that glided in and out among the vessels.

Lord Montressor signalled his groom from the top of his dray, and dispatched him to engage one.

The man soon effected this purpose; and a large, substantial boat, roomy enough to accommodate Lord Montressor, his attendants, and his baggage, was rowed up close alongside the wharf upon which they stood. The trunks were first lowered into the boat, then Lord Montressor, followed by his valet and his groom, entered and seated himself in the stern. The four sailors laid themselves to their oars, and the boat flew over the water.

In a few minutes they were alongside the Petrel which, in her neatest trim, was preparing to get under way. They pulled around to the starboard gangway, where Lord Montressor went immediately up the ladder, and stood upon the deck.

In truth, the vessel presented an animating spectacle. Some of the men were busy with the ropes, others with the windlass. The eldest boy was at the tiller.

But most conspicuous on the deck stood the handsome Amazon, Barbara Brande, in her strong, grey serge dress, but bare-headed, with the fresh wind making free with her blackest of tresses, and flushing with a deeper crimson her sun-burned cheeks. She stood there, self-possessed and giving orders in her own clear, ringing, decided tones.

Seeing Lord Montressor, she immediately came forward to meet him, saying, in her high, cheerful voice—

"Welcome, sir! you are just in time! We shall be under way in half an hour. You know where to find your quarters, sir. Will you go below, or——"

"I will remain on deck, if you please, Miss Brande," said his lordship, who was not a little curious and interested to see how this girl would proceed to get her vessel under sail—feeling doubtful, also, of the sound discretion in embarking his life on such a venture.

"Very well, sir! as you please."

And Barbara left him and went forward.

"Ahoy, there, Willful! see to getting Lord Montressor's baggage up."

The lad left the tiller to obey. The hoisting of the trunks occupied but a few minutes; the stowing them but a few more.

The deck being then clear, again Barbara went forward to give orders, which she did in short, firm, resonant tones that must have startled a stranger, less prepared for them than Lord Montressor.

"All hands up anchor! Each man to his post! —and you, Willful, to the helm!"

The orders were obeyed with alacrity.

"Man the windlass."

The four sailors came forward and laid them selves to the bars.

"Heave! heave hearty my men! And you, Edwy, play up, my boy!"

This last order was given to the younger lad who raised the fife he held in his hand and began to play a lively inspiring air, while the men, with all their strength heaved at the windlass.

The anchor was soon apeak, and hauled up to the side of the vessel, catted and fished.

"Quick! now, my men!—haul in the larboard braces forward!—haul home the starboard braces abaft!" shouted Barbara.

It was done.

"Stand by to set the tops'il! Man the lee sheet! Ease down the buntlines and lee clew-line! Haul home the lee sheet! Now, then, hoist away! Cheerly, boys—cheerly! Brace all taut!"

The tops'il thus set, the vessel moved slowly before the wind, bearing down towards a schooner that was coming in, on the lee side.

Barbara shouted—

"You, Willful! what are you about there! Port the helm! Keep her clear of that schooner a-head! So—steady—nothing off!"

The lad understanding the risk, exerted himself until all danger of collision was past.

"Set the jib!—there!—Hoist the mains'il!—Brace round—there—there!—Stand by to haul out the mizzen!—And you, Willful! helm-a-lee!—so! —steady—stead-y!"

The sail now filled with the wind, the craft moved swiftly onward. But Barbara thought that she could carry more canvas. She gave the order—

"Stand by to hoist the to'-gallant-s'il!"

The men worked heartily. And the vessel, now under as much sail as she could safely carry, ran before the wind, and soon passing between the North Point and the Bodkin, stood gallantly out to sea.

Barbara drew a long breath, and came aft to speak to her passenger. Her cheeks were beautifully flushed, her eyes were sparkling, and her black hair, in that short ripple that indicates great vigor of constitution, was floating freely in the breeze. She seemed in no wise "breathed" by her late exertions. Lord Montressor, as he looked at her, thought he had never in his life seen a finer woman.

"We have the prospect of a pleasant voyage, sir," she said. "With us, the prevailing winds are at this season, from the North West; we shall probably sail before a fair wind the whole way. Neither, this month, is there much chance of a thunder storm."

Lord Montressor bowed. "That is an agreeable hearing, Miss Brande; but do you stop at any port on your voyage out?"

"At no port, sir; but I shall cast anchor for a few hours at the Headland—my old home, sir, where I shall have to go ashore, to settle some final business with the young widow lady who has leased it of me. And if you shall be disposed to accompany me there, sir, I can show you one of the oldest houses in Maryland—a house that was built in the year 1635."

"And when shall we reach this Headland?"

"With this fair wind, in six or seven days, sir."

Now what fatality was it, that prevented Lord Montressor from finding out the name of "the young widow lady" who had leased Barbara Brande's house?—or from at once accepting her invitation, when they should reach the Headland, to go on shore and look at the house? That life is full of blindly missed possibilities, is the only answer I can find.

They continued talking much longer; Lord Montressor growing every moment more pleased with his acquaintance; for there was a frankness, a directness, an uprightness and a *down*rightness about Barbara Brande, that commanded respect.

"Excuse me now, sir," she said, at last, "I must go and relieve my young helmsman;—he is tired, I know," and going forward, she took the tiller from the hand of the boy, and sent him away.

They had, as Barbara predicted, a very quick and pleasant run down the Bay; and on the morning of the eighth day, at sunrise, anchored off the Headland.

Lord Montressor came on deck, where he found Barbara giving her orders. On seeing him she came aft.

"Good morning, sir! You are out early! We have just cast anchor. We shall lie here all day. Look, sir! there is my dear, old home."

Lord Montressor looked across the water to the dark Headland that, crested with its old forest trees, loomed to leeward. The sun, rising behind the shore, threw the whole place into the deepest shadow—altogether it presented a gloomy, weird, and forbidding aspect.

"It is very picturesque," said Lord Montressor

"Yes!—and very interesting in some of its features. They are getting ready the boat for me to go on shore. I should be happy to have you over, if you would like to accompany me."

"I thank you, Miss Brande—if you or your tenant will give me the privilege of a day's shooting, in your woods, I shall be pleased to go on shore," said Lord Montressor, bowing.

"Oh, Sir! We have no game laws or preserves here! Our game is as free as it is abundant—our woods as open as they are extensive. I am very glad that you should be able to amuse yourself for a day. There are also staunch pointers at the Headland, and old Neptune who has them in charge will be as good a guide as any game-keeper in England," said Barbara.

Lord Montressor expressed his thanks.

"And now, my lord, let us to breakfast; and then to the boats."

Lord Montressor first went below to order his groom to get out his fowling piece, powder flask, shot pouch, game bag, etc., and then followed Barbara into the cabin, where the early morning meal was spread.

After breakfast, leaving Willful and two sailors in charge of the vessel, Barbara, her younger brother, Lord Montressor, and his groom, entered the boat and were rowed rapidly towards the Headland. On reaching the beach, Barbara said—

"Will you go up to the house, sir?"

"No, I thank you very much, Miss Brande; I think not," replied his lordship, feeling unwilling to intrude upon the unknown lady, who was Barbara's tenant.

"Then—come hither, Edwy! attend Lord Montressor to Uncle Nep's quarter. Tell the old man to take the dogs, and show his lordship where to find the birds," said Barbara.

Edwy came forward and bowed, expressing his readiness.

And with a mutual "good morning," the parties separated—Barbara Brande going up to the house, while Lord Montressor and his companion sought the woods.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

◆

A STARTLING REASON FOR A REWARD.

Two gentlemen in Dublin had hired a two-wheeled open car, such as is called, from its bowl-like form, an inside car, to convey them to their hotel. The driver soon attained the accustomed speed by using the customary *arguments* to his beast, but he was observed to pay quite as much attention to something below him as to his poor locomotive quadruped. He was every moment looking forward and whipping, and then looking down again over his right shoulder; this was continued with great energy and glee all the way. When the party had alighted and paid their fare, the driver, a good-natured, innocent fellow, "trusted their honors would afford him a thrifle beyand the fare, especially as he had something to tell them that was worth the knowin'." After a little refusing, and a little bantering, and indulging some curiosity to know the "secret," they conceded the additional trifle.

"And, now, what was it?" they inquired.

"And, sure, your honors, it's I that desarves an extra glass, anyhow, for there's not another boy in all ould Ireland that could ha' druv ye, as I done, and at such a rate, for a mile and a quarter, over the hard stones, *without a linch-pin!*"

◆

CUNNING.—Cunning is the poor substitute for wisdom which weak minds adopt; but it is like the counterfeit which the forger strives to pass for the pure coin.

SHE WAS A FORLORN LITTLE MAIDEN.

BY GEORGIANA HERBERT.

She was a forlorn little maiden,
With never a mother or home;
And fate, from the nest she had made her,
Commanded her lonely to roam.

Ah, me! how her childish heart sickened,
And, ah! how her childish tears flowed;
But fate never pitied a weeper,
And sternly it pointed the road.

She rather had *died* than departed,
For all who best loved her were there;
And she was a motherless maiden
That *needed* their pitying care.

Oh! desolate, friendless, forsaken,
And shelterless, helpless, forlorn,
She felt, as she moved among strangers,
Still wondering why she was born.

At last to her came a whisper,
That stilled all the pain of her breast,
Who knoweth the heart of the stranger
Had given her comfort and rest.

Now strength more than human sustains her,
A fonder than mother's love cheers,
A better than earthly home 'waits her,
Away, then, with anguish and fears.

What though all life's billows are foaming,
High raging around and before?
The storm and the wild winds but drive her
More near to the Peaceable Shore.

YEARS OF TERROR;

OR,

ANNA ALSTON'S LOVER.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

"School will commence Monday, mother. I hope you've got the children ready to go."

"Of course I have. I believe I generally do what belongs to me. If every body worked as many hours as I do, their work wouldn't get much behindhand," answered Mrs. Anastatia Moore, pushing back the supper table, placing two chairs in the prim row against the wall, and then commencing to flourish her broom as she spoke.

"Ha, ha, Stacy; you don't mean me, I suppose," said John Moore, with a laugh that wrinkled his round, good-humored, weather-crimsomed face, all over, until it looked like a last year's apple. "I wonder if you'd like to have me lay aside my pipe and newspaper and finish planting that onion bed. Is that it, mother, eh?"

"If the coat fits put it on," answered Mrs. Anastatia, tartly, while a strange quivering round her mouth betrayed her inclination to smile.

John Moore laid down his newspaper, and knocked the ashes out of his pipe against the pillar of the weather-beaten porch. Then he took down the almanac that hung under the looking-glass, beside the scarlet pincushion and japanned comb-case.

"Twelfth day of April, I declare," said he. "I might have known it, though, for this is Saturday, and school begins Monday the 14th. '*Tis* high time them onions were planted. If the seed is put in the ground to-night, the Lord will be making it grow all day to-morrow, while we're at meeting."

"I thought it might as well be done to-night, so I had Johnnie rake the bed and make the drills this morning. Here's the seed."

"Well done, Stacy, so you're 'tendin' to my work as well as your own! I always knew the Fosdicks were main smart folks."

"I only wish some of my children had taken after them."

"So they have, mother, so they have. They're merry as the Moores, and smart as the Fosdicks. I'm proud of my children, Stacy, and proud of my wife, too,"

"Pshaw, John Moore!"

"I am, and I've reason to be. There, give me a kiss, mother, and own that we're about as happy, and as well off as most folks in Plainville."

"Go along, you old pester. Aint you ashamed of yourself, right afore the children, too? There, I think you'd better go out to the garden now, if you've made a fool of yourself long enough."

"Yes, yes. I'm going. Where's the seed? Here, Johnnie, you may go with me. Oh, I'd like to have forgot, mother, what I was going to tell you. Mrs. Gridley's got one of her nervous spells, and she can't have the schoolma'am next week to board. So she's coming here."

"Well, there! I never, John Moore! If you aint enough to provoke a saint!" exclaimed Mrs. Moore, setting down the pile of milk pans she was conveying to the buttery, and standing still to look at her husband, while the color flashed all over her face. "And you've known this ever since yesterday and never told me!"

"Why I didn't suppose it would make any difference, mother. We always have enough to eat, and we've plenty of rooms for the little girl to sleep in. So why can't she come?"

"I haven't said she couldn't come, and I guess I could lodge a dozen people for that matter; but I do think I might have been told before. I should have made pound cake instead of gingerbread, and baked some custard pies to-day, if I'd known, and we must have some chickens dressed to-night, and early Monday morning you must go over to the village and get some coffee, for we've only souchong in the house, and may be she wont like that."

"Well, well, mother, if that is all, it will not be much trouble to prepare for Miss Alston. I knew it would be all right, after all." So saying John Moore went out and into his garden.

Mrs. Moore looked after him and shook her head.

"What a plague men are!" she said, at first, as she thought that after her hard Saturday's work there was still more to be done, because of her husband's negligence; but as she heard his cheery laugh from the garden, and the merry shouts of little Johnnie, her only son, her heart softened and the frown was smoothed from her comely brow. "He is a good man, after all, if he is a little slow in his ways, and it would be a shame for me to complain."

So though there was an extraordinary bustle in the farm-house that night, and much unexpected labor performed, the frown did not come back, nor was a sharp word uttered; and though Mrs. Moore sought her couch that night with a wearied frame, her heart was light and warm with an undefined feeling of thankfulness and content. It was as if for the first time in her busy, anxious life, for Mrs. Moore was a very Martha in her household, she had caught a glimpse of her own happiness, had learned a little of her husband's worth, and felt the joy that centred in the group of lovely children for whom, henceforth, her toil was to be less a burden for the lesson she had learned. How it came to her she could not tell, neither could any other person.

The Sabbath, the long, quiet, country Sabbath, passed as usual. When the red sun sunk at last behind the bank of grey and purple clouds that rested upon the western horizon, Sabbath quietude was at an end, because in the farm-house there were many necessary labors to be performed, and the children, weary of the day's restraint, would steal out into the soft spring twilight, and were heard laughing and chattering in a merry group beneath the ancient elm-trees that sentineled the farm-house gate.

But their voices were hushed, and the little ones shyly stole behind their elder sister, as a light wagon was driven up to the gate, and a young man, leaping out, with a great show of rustic gallantry assisted his companion to alight.

A slight female figure in grey floating robes, with her face closely veiled, she stood in their midst. The children were sure that their teacher had come, but not one of them dared utter a word, till a sweet voice said, while a light hand was laid on Minnie Moore's head—

"Are you Mrs. Moore's little daughter? Please, then, show me into the house. I am Miss Alston, and I have come to stay with you a week or two."

All Minnie's fears vanished, and putting her hand into that of her teacher, the child led her to the door, where Mrs. Moore already stood with welcome beaming on her face. The teacher's little trunk and basket were brought in, her wraps removed and carried away in little Minnie's willing arms, the kettle replaced on the kitchen fire, and the table drawn out for the guest's supper, before Mr. Moore came in. As he went up to speak to the teacher in his hearty voice, and to clasp her little fingers in his welcoming hand, Mrs. Moore came in with a light, and the children caught the first glimpse of the face they had been longing to see.

It was a young face, with softly-rounded lines, but startlingly pallid and wan. An expression of exquisite sadness had settled about the mouth, and when the long brown lashes which swept the white cheek were raised for a moment, they disclosed dark hazel eyes, whose fleeting expression was wild and haggard in the extreme.

There was a startling intensity in the quick glances she threw about her, and which expressed an almost mortal fear in spite of a shuddering effort at repression. Mrs. Moore, good woman though she was, was wont to be easily prejudiced. Everytime she caught that startled glance she felt sure there was something suspicious in it; but the next moment the mournful sadness of Miss Alston's face, when in repose, aroused her sympathy. But, as hostess, she was too much occupied in her cares to leave much time for thought, until it was time to conduct her guest to her chamber. Then she noted the anxiety with which Miss Alston inquired about the fastenings of the door and windows, and the situation of the other rooms and outer doors, and the helpless, terrified manner in which she clung to little Minnie, who, with a child's curiosity, had followed them into the room, and begged that she might be allowed to remain and share her bed.

"I guess you've never been away from home before, Miss Alston," said Mrs. Moore. "Why, there's nothing on earth to be afraid of here in this retired spot, and we never think of fastening our doors."

"Oh! fasten them to-night, dear Mrs. Moore," cried Miss Alston, clinging wildly to her garments as she was going away. "Indeed, I can never lie down to rest until I know that all is secure. I should die of fear before morning."

Mrs. Moore promised, though she was sure that it was very ridiculous. But, do what she would, she could not convince herself that the poor girl's sufferings were not real and founded on some sufficient cause. Mr. Moore had noticed her frightened glances, and the two discussed the matter at some length, long after little Minnie was soundly sleeping in the trembling arms of Miss Alston. The long night had almost passed before the young teacher fell into a restless sleep, and when she appeared at Mrs. Moore's well-spread breakfast table she was pale and spiritless, and quite unable to do justice to the nice broiled chicken, and smoking coffee, and fresh eggs which headed the list of dainties set before her.

Mrs. Moore prided herself upon her cookery, and hardly knew whether to be most vexed or sorry to behold her visitor's lack of appetite. But her pale face won compassion, and the luncheon basket was so crowded with nice things to tempt Miss Alston's noon-day appetite, that, when she and her little group of pupils at length set off for the brown school-house, the scene of her future labors, Johnnie Moore complained bitterly of its weight.

Miss Alston proved an excellent teacher. Her sweet voice and gentle, winning manner, won the affection of her pupils, who pitied her for her pale face and the mysterious fear that so continually haunted her. But a mystery it still remained; even Mrs. Moore, whose house was the home where, after her term of boarding had closed, she came every Saturday to be nursed and petted like a sick child until Monday morning arrived with its duties, had failed to solve it.

Pupils and parents had almost ceased to talk of Miss Alston's strange fears, and had gradually grown so accustomed to her pale face, as to forget it in her winning manners. Never had been a teacher so beloved—never in Plainville a school so quiet and orderly as hers, and never had the "young idea" been taught to shoot more rapidly. The summer was waning, and the four months of Miss Alston's engagement were drawing to a close. Every day the expression of relief became more marked on her countenance, and the frightened glances of her brown eyes less frequent; while a fair rose tint was stealing over her fair cheek. She was evidently far happier and more at ease, than when she first arrived.

It was Friday evening, and Mrs. Moore from her seat upon the porch, saw Miss Alston hurrying along the road almost dragging Minnie, whom she held by the hand, in her frantic haste, while the little group of younger children, with Johnnie at their head, were left far behind.

"La, me! What can be the matter?" she exclaimed. "John Moore, do come here. Now what do you suppose that means?"

A puzzled expression came over John's good-humored face, but as he had nothing to say, he only shook his head, an operation which he had not completed when the flying pair reached the gate.

"What's the matter, Miss Alston? You've near about frightened me to death, seeing you running so. Are you hurt, or scared, or what is it?" questioned Mrs. Moore, as she hastened to open the gate, and assist the panting girl to reach the house.

"Oh, let me go to my room. Dear Mrs. Moore, I must be alone, just a little while. Minnie will tell you." And Miss Alston fairly shut the door in her kind friend's face, and then, with an expression of hopeless terror, threw herself upon her knees and buried her face in the pillow.

"Again! again!" she murmured. "And it is ever thus. So soon as the haunting dread begins to be lifted from my spirit, and the almost forgotten quietude of the olden times comes stealing back, that horrible face appears before me; he dogs my footsteps with his insane threats, and his presence near me drives sleep from my pillow, and peace from my bosom. Must it be ever thus?"

Thus sobbing and praying, the poor girl remained, until the twilight shadows filled the room, when she rose, and glancing fearfully around, prepared to join the family in the common room. Starting at every sound, and trembling at every shadow, she stole through the hall and down the stairs; and, as she sat at table that night, John Moore's pleasant face grew sad as he saw the traces of that afternoon's struggle with mortal terror on that of his young guest.

Meanwhile, Minnie had told her tale: As the scholars were busy at their afternoon tasks, some of them had been startled by the sudden appearance of a wild, haggard face, surrounded by matted hair, and with fiery eyes gleaming out of its deadly pallor, at one of the windows. Miss Alston did not see it; but ere she had time to learn the cause of their irrepressible exclamations, the same face showed itself at the open door, and a tall, gaunt man, clad only in fluttering rags, strode into the room. The scholars screamed, and Miss Alston in her terror, seemed frozen into stone, as this strange figure approached her desk.

"Ha! my beautiful princess," he said, with a fantastic bow. "Adorable lady of my love, I have found you at last, and to-morrow shall be our wedding-day. The winds have sung it to me on the mountain top, and the brook prattled of it to the stones in its bed, and the breeze that waved the tall grass beside my pillow of earth, murmured all night the story of the loves of the King of Trebizond and the Princess Lu-lu. Dost thou hear me, fair princess?"

He would have come nearer, but Miss Alston, with a jesture of repulsion, fled from him to the corner of the room. The affected smirk faded from his face, his eyes became like coals—almost sparkling in lurid light. Suddenly, he drew a large knife from some hiding-place beneath his rags, and darted towards her. He pursued her beyond the door, from which, ere this, all the pupils had escaped, when suddenly some new thought seemed to cross his crazed brain, and, dropping the knife, he sat down upon the threshold, and buried his face in his hands. And there they left him, for no one had the courage to return, while he remained, to close the door.

"Now, my dear," said Mr. Moore, as soon as supper was over, "can you tell me anything about this man, who frightened you all so this afternoon? Have you seen him before? and what should be done with him? Don't tell me any more than you like; but I and the hired men are going over to the school-house now, to see if we can find him, and perhaps you can tell us where he belongs, and how to manage him."

"Oh, Mr. Moore, don't go to-night. Indeed it is not safe, for he is armed with that terrible knife, and at times he is very violent."

"The more reason he should be looked after, my dear; but don't cry, there's a good girl. Just tell me, if you can, where he belongs, and if he has any friends who should be notified of his being here?"

"He belongs in S., and he has been shut up in the poor-house for security, for he has no friends."

"Ah, well, then I know what to do. Stacy will take care of you till I come back, and, if possible, we will secure him first, so go to sleep if you can, and dismiss your fears."

And, though Miss Alston would fain have dissuaded him, the good man strode away, with a stout farm-laborer on each side of him, the whole party well armed with knives and pitchforks, and Mr. Moore carrying proudly the rusty old musket that "Gran'ther Moore" had shouldered in '76.

Mrs. Moore sent the children to bed, fastened the doors, and then led Miss Alston to her apartment. Little Minnie, her fright already forgotten, was sleeping soundly by her side, as Miss Alston at length unburdened her heart of its weight of fear and sorrow, and wept upon the bosom of her kind friend.

Anna Alston, the child of a poor widow, with no dowry but her innocence and beauty, had been seen when she first stepped across the threshold of womanhood by Winthrop Carson. He was a man of strange, fierce passions, eccentric in manners, coarse, and often violent in conversation, unhandsome in face and figure, and altogether one to excite repugnance rather than regard in the heart of a gentle, refined, young maiden. But he loved Anna, in his own fierce way, and was determined to win her. For years, he persecuted her with his unwelcome attentions, and poisoned the whole current of her existence, till she came to fear him only less than she abhorred him. His whole being was absorbed in the pursuit, and the result that might have been confidently predicted, at length took place. Stung by repeated and peremptory rejections of his suit, and roused to fury by the favor bestowed upon another, whom he chose to call his rival, reason gave way, he became a frantic maniac, and Anna's lover was the earliest victim of his insane violence. With the giant strength of madness, Carson assailed him at night, in the quiet suburb, where his home lay. No power of a single arm could cope with his, and he prevailed. Next morning, his mangled form was found lying upon the rocks at the water side, below the bridge, from which Carson had hurled him headlong to his fate.

Thenceforth, Anna had lived in mortal terror. No place of confinement had ever been formed from which Carson had not contrived to escape. He haunted her path with his maniac threats, appearing at such unexpected moments, that she had come at last to expect him always; hence the wild, startled glances that continually shot from her dark eyes. More than once he had attempted to destroy her life, and the fear of him had come to embitter every moment. She had enjoyed a few weeks of comparative quiet at Plainville, for she had heard that he was at length securely confined in the county poor-house. But suddenly he had appeared before her, and the horrible burden of terror had rolled back upon her soul.

Mrs. Moore had great faith in her husband, and she soothed the weeping girl, and repeated so many times that she was sure "Mr. Moore would secure the crazy man," that at length Anna became composed, and finally, worn out by the violence of her emotions, fell asleep. Not till then did Mrs. Moore steal away to her own bed.

Mr. Moore and his men searched for hours, but unsuccessfully. There were traces enough of the maniac, but he was not to be found. At length, late at night, they returned home, all thoroughly wearied, and were soon sleeping soundly.

Out of this their first deep sleep the household were suddenly roused by repeated shrieks from Miss Alston's room. Mr. Moore reached the door in time only to catch a glimpse of a figure flying through the window, and bounding down the garden slope with the speed of a deer.

Miss Alston had been wakened by an exclamation from Minnie, as the child threw herself across her breast. At the same moment she felt a burning pain in her shoulder, and Minnie's screams were added to her own. The whole scene had passed so rapidly that neither could tell more. The knife with which Carson was armed had pierced Minnie's arm, and then remained quivering in Miss Alston's shoulder. But for the child's sudden motion it would probably have reached her heart.

The wounds though severe were not dangerous, and Minnie soon recovered. But Miss Alston lay many weeks, nursed tenderly by Mrs. Moore. Indeed the winter snow lay deep upon the earth before she found herself again beneath the arching sky. Months before that the maniac had been secured with strong chains in the poor-house cell. There, chafing and raging against his bonds like a wild beast, he had worn away the thread of life. When he became too feeble to do any one harm, he was released and cared for tenderly to the end. But Anna was free at last—the winter snow lay white and deep upon his grave.

The joy and elasticity had gone from her youth long ere this. Relieved of the terror which had haunted her earlier years, its effects remained visible upon her health. Life was a burden almost too heavy to be borne, and its duties were discharged, and its responsibilities met mechanically. She seemed almost too passionless to regret, too languid to hope.

Every summer she taught the school in the little brown school-house, and her home was with Mrs. Moore. That good lady, whose sharp tongue had of old been somewhat dreaded, had become so mild and gentle in view of the deeper trials of her young friend, that John Moore sometimes laughingly declared that his life was too tame and monotonous, and he quite longed for the spice with which she had been wont to season it.

After Anna Alston's hair had become very grey, and her once round face showed many a wrinkle, she married an ancient widower who needed a housekeeper and a mother for his horde of unruly children. Contrary to every body's expectations, her own, probably, included, she was very happy in this marriage. Her sweet voice, and gentle, yet firm manner, tamed the boisterous children, and her husband, who dearly loved quiet, loved her as the cause of that which was soon apparent in his well-ordered household.

Age had destroyed the illusions of youth, and all her dreams of romance had long faded. Life, filled at last with real, practical cares and duties, presented itself to her worth fully—her old burdens fell from her weary shoulders, and the new one's were borne with all the lightness of youth.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

O speak not lightly of
A lady's love! It is her paramount,
Especial jewel, over which keep guard
All things most rare in her tenacious sex;
Its radiant truth; its fragrant chastity;
Its goodness of the 'havior of the heavens;
Its modesty—enchantment of all these—
Setting them off with veil more rare and rich
Than ever needle broider'd, or the loom!

CAUTION TO FEMALES.

For some years past, a set of contemptible scamps have been in the constant habit of inserting advertisements in various daily journals, describing themselves as parties possessed of splendid incomes—as engaged in a most lucrative employment—in short, as anything and everything the most likely to impose upon the parties to whom these kind of advertisements are especially addressed; proceeding next to state, that owing to peculiar circumstances they are compelled to have recourse to the medium of a public advertisement, in order to obtain that most inestimable blessing, an amiable and affectionate partner for life; or, in plain English, a wife.

After this comes a full statement of certain things that will be required on the part of the lady; and the first generally named is, that she must be possessed of an excellent temper (the advertiser always taking care to describe himself as one of the best tempered fellows on earth; it is therefore, but natural that he should be anxious "to meet with a lady of an equally happy disposition.")

The advertiser is a gentleman by birth and education: of course the lady must be one capable of "entering into, and enjoying literary conversation, and have been accustomed to the best society."

These and a thousand other descriptions of the advertiser, and requisites on the part of the lady, may be found in certain journals by those who are curious in such matters, and will take the trouble to refer to them; and we will not weary our readers with any further extracts from them.

There is, however, one point of similarity between the whole of them; and although last, not "least in the dear love" of this description of lovers. It is simply this—that the lady must be possessed of property in her own right, equal to that of the advertiser—or, rather, of that which he describes himself as possessed of. This is a *sine qua non.* Beauty, wit, temper, &c., are nothing compared to it, although very pleasant additions, no doubt. These infamous announcements agree in this respect, and one other, viz., an assurance that the utmost secrecy may be relied upon, &c., and a request that no person will be induced to reply to the advertisement from impertinent curiosity.

It is hardly necessary to inform our readers that not one of these precious advertisers is either the party or in the station of life that he describes himself to be, nor to tell them that many of those who describe themselves as gentlemen of independent property find no little difficulty in raising the means "to pay the expenses of the advertisement."

"SHAMS."

Epochs in history are named, after they have elapsed, the "age of gold," the "age of iron," the "age of silver," from some real or fancied resemblance of the prominent characteristics of the period with the qualities of the metal to which it is compared. The chroniclers of a future age will, perhaps, in the same spirit, call this the "age of paint," as indicative of the prevalent spirit of shamming and deception, which prefers outside display of cheap and tawdry ornament to real and substantial elegance.

We can look in no direction without seeing some painted deception, some gilded sham. Dissatisfied with what it is, the world seems to have clothed itself in cheap, flaunting and perishable ornaments. Desire for real and substantial elegance has given place to a passion for imitating. The young lady is sent to school to acquire a variety of sham accomplishments, to fit her to play her part in sham society. Worshiped fashion is but the sham of taste. Business is done on credit, the sham of capital. Sham preachers dose out politics from painted pulpits; politicians grow hoarse in uttering shams of patriotism. Cheap imitations of what is good find a ready market, while the good itself is unsought for. There is prevalent a most baneful disposition among the people of this age to appear what they are not; no one seems to be content to be valued at his real worth. The diamond virtue which some wear appears no better than the paste and gilt with which their neighbors are bedizened.

That a period will ever come when things shall wear their natural hues and shapes, when the materials of every fabric shall be known by their colors, when goodness shall speak in words of candor, when Taste shall resume the throne whence Fashion has pushed her, when people shall be content to be valued at their worth—is more than doubtful. Humbug will continue to act her pantomimes on this great stage until her extensive wardrobe is consumed in the burning of her theatre.

EARLY CULTURE.

When does education commence? That is a question not easily answered. The mind of a child has been likened to a sheet of fair white paper, unsoiled by the troubles of learning. In one sense, the mind does resemble an unblotted sheet;—it is quick in receiving erroneous impressions. The greatest care should be exercised by those who have the superintendence of children; for a single fault or folly on the part of the teacher may, through the medium of example, seal the fate of the pupil.

Education, we think, commences in the nursery. Wordsworth truly and beautifully says,

"The child is father of the man;"

it is difficult, nay impossible to catch the first glance of intelligence which flashes from an infant's eye; it is to us unknown, when it begins to understand what it sees and observes.

There is a vast quantity of ignorance extant, respecting early education. Some people are careless of example—the great moral teacher. Imitation is inherent in a child; good and bad being presented to a young mind, a thousand to one, but it will choose the thorn and leave the rose-blossom. Alas, for human nature! Home-education is what is wanted, and what is home-education? We will endeavor to reply to the self-asked question.

Walk with a little child, listen to its sweet converse,—the prattle, sweeter far than all the talk of the philosopher, more attractive than all the learning of the schools. Hear it talk of cowslips, primroses, and daisies, and then when you speak to it, learn lessons of truth. The fine gold has not yet become dim—but he who walks hand in hand with the pretty prattler, has it partially in his power to prevent the worldly oxide from rusting the tender soul. Every shop may convey a lesson fraught with intelligence,—every passing event may convey a moral. Doctor Johnson once remarked that "he never sat down with any man from whom he could not learn something." So a child with its keen, quick eyes, never observes any thing which has not an important influence on after life. Talk of "Sermons in Stones," you may find them written everywhere:—No street is without its inscription—no lane without its legend. Strolling with a child companion, knowledge is both given and received.

PLEASURE.

Pleasure is a species of happiness applicable only to perceptions; that being the case it is a kind of happiness frequently accompanied, preceded, or followed by pain. A single pleasure, if intense, prevents attention to any other. The overwhelming pleasure arising from the pathos of poetry, the sublimity of oratory or the beauty of music, renders us, while in its vigor, insensible to the exquisite versification of the poet, the elaborate elegance of the orator, or the fascinating melody of the composer. It is only when the emotion is somewhat abated in its strength that we perceive the pleasure it produces. Thus pleasure, when intense, engrosses the attention so entirely that it renders us insensible to every other perception; it therefore occasions a higher degree of satisfaction or happiness when it is moderate, and attracts the attention only feebly or partially.

There are three kinds of pleasure. Pleasure may be either corporeal, ideal, or mental. In the first instance it is derived to us through the medium of the senses; in the second instance, through the imagination, and in the third, through the mind. But even this division of the different kinds of pleasures may be again subdivided. Corporeal pleasures are not confined to those arising strictly from the senses. They are extended to those apparently seated in the organs through whose mediation they are received—such as the pleasures residing in the respective organs of taste, smell, and touch. The two other organs, vision and hearing, cause no pleasure. They are qualifications; but the pleasure has faded away, never more to be recovered; for that they originally occasioned pleasure is unquestionable, since a person confined in darkness for an unusual term, or a blind man restored to sight, will, on coming forth into the daylight, and being enabled to see, declare that vision is a pleasure, and that he feels a most delicious sensation in the eyes.

CURIOSITIES OF MEDICINE.

An advertisement recently appeared in a morning paper which throws a new and rather a strange light upon the practice of medicine. The following is the curious announcement to which we allude:—To the Medical Profession.—"Wanted by a young man, a Situation as groom to a medical practitioner. Has been accustomed to the routine of the surgery, and understands dispensing. A good character can be given. Address, post paid, to C. T. C., Mr.——, sexton, C——h S——t, D——d."

This young man, who is able to combine the duties of the stable with those of the dispensary, must indeed be a valuable acquisition to a medical practitioner. A groom who can rub down a horse and make up a black-draught with equal facility must be a treasure to any medical gentleman. We presume that the "routine of a surgery" includes the various operations of rolling bread up into pills, and brewing the "mixture as before" from cheap drugs and pure water. It is rather ominous that reference should be made to the sexton for character: but as the young man lived with a doctor, his opportunities of serving the sexton may create some suspicion as to the perfect impartiality of that individual. We do not wonder that a groom who has been in the habit of dispensing should have earned the good opinion of the gentleman who gets his living by grave-digging. The public must feel considerable alarm at these professional secrets being divulged, by a groom publicly advertising himself for the double office of assistant and stable-boy—to look after the horse as well as the patients. Even if such unions of occupation are common in the medical profession, it would be as well, for the sake of appearances, that the odd combination of assistant groom should not be proclaimed thus openly. We shall henceforth be afraid of any doctor who keeps a horse, unless he gives us his word of honor that his medicines are not made up by the servant whose duties are in the stable.

ON A VERY STOUT SPINSTER.

To take her all in all, Miss Rachel Paul
Was not the worst upon this earthly ball;
But then she was so very big and tall,
That no one lik'd to take her all in all.

Philosophy.—Socrates termed philosophy the preparation for death; but should it not rather be styled the patient endurance of life?

Modesty.—Modesty, the attendant of virtue, is frequently mistaken for shame, which is one of the attributes of vice.

Satire.—Satire often proceeds less from ill-nature than from the desire of displaying wit.

THE STOLEN KISS.

BY JOHN LUKE CLENNELL.

As pretty Sarah once, in sportive mood,
Whilst watering a spot of garden-ground,
Ran after me as quickly as she could,
Trying to wet me, all the garden round,
Our peals of laughter making merry sound,
I vow'd that if the maid should water throw,
That she should amply for the fault atone,
For I would come where tempting kisses grow,
And, like a thief, would run away with one,
By pressing her sweet lips against my own.
My threat unheeded, she kept running on,
And in a trice the plash of water threw;
When I—(but mind, we were just then alone)—
Soon found the place whereon the kisses grew.

THE ALMSHOUSE BOY.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"There, sir—now you see him in all his glory There he is, as usual. Just look at him. Take a good look, so as not to lose the effect. Half an hour ago I left him in that garden, and told him I wanted the weeds pulled out of that bed as soon as possible. Only half an hour, sir; and look at him now!"

This was spoken by Mr. John Howe, a stout farmer, who owned one of the most valuable tracts of land in the neighborhood. He spoke to 'Squire Warren, who was a worthy lawyer of the place; and he spoke of a boy who stood in a distant garden leaning up against a peach-tree. The little fellow did not realize that any one was gazing at him, and he seemed to be taking it quite comfortably.

William Alberton—such was the boy's name—had been left an orphan at an early age. His father, who had once been an intelligent, active man, had become an inebriate, and died when his son was only a year old. He left nothing for his widow to live upon, and she found a home in the almshouse, where she lived two years, and then died. Thus, at the age of three years, William was left an orphan, and an inmate of the village almshouse, without any known relatives, and without friends save such as common humanity gave him. When he was twelve years old, Mr. Howe agreed to take him and bring him up. He had no sons of his own; and he made up his mind that if the boy proved to be faithful and industrious, he would adopt him as his own.

But the farmer had been disappointed. William proved to be kind and generous to a fault; but he was not industrious. He would not work. He would never accomplish anything when left alone. He seemed to hate the very sight of work, and would neglect it upon every possible opportunity.

Gilbert Warren, Esq., was one of the overseers of the poor, and he had called to see the farmer, and also to see the boy, touching the complaints which had been made.

"It's no use," said Mr. Howe. "He's been with me two years, and I've had a chance to read him thoroughly. There's no work in him. I'd as lief have a block of wood for a boy, exactly."

"Then you don't wish to keep him any longer?" said the lawyer.

"I can't, 'Squire. It's no use, I tell ye. He aint a bit of good to me any way. He don't earn his salt. But that aint the worst. The worst of the whole is, it keeps me in a perfect fever all the time. Why—I've fairly had my head ache just seeing how lazy he was—just in worrying over him. Why—I wouldn't keep him for five hundred dollars a year. 'Taint the loss I care so much about; but it's as I tell ye,—it makes me suffer to see him."

"Have you tried to correct him?"

"*Tried!*" echoed Howe, with an elevation of the brow, and an accompanying "Umph!" "I guess you'd think so if you'd been here on certain occasions. I used to flog him; but I found that did no good, and I stopped it. In fact, I never did flog him but I suffered more'n he did. He is so good natured, and so honest; and then he would beg so, and promise to reform, that it used to pain me to whip him. Lately I've argued with him; I've pointed out to him what a wretched, good-for-nothing life he'd lead if he did not pluck up and learn to work. As long as I had the least hope of there being work in him I bore with him, and tried to overcome his fault; but I've found now that it aint in him, and I must give it up."

"Let's see: He's fourteen now, isn't he?"

"Yes. Fourteen last March."

For fifteen minutes the two men stood and looked at the boy, and during all that time he didn't work two minutes. He was called up, and he came with a tremulous step and downcast eye.

"William," spoke the lawyer, "why don't you work better? When you are left with work to do why don't you do it?"

"I don't know, sir," the boy answered, timidly.

"Don't know? Yes you do know. Now tell me: Why is it?"

The lad looked up into his interlocutor's face. He had a clear, warm, grey eye, and a face of more than ordinary beauty. His brow was high and full, and his brain large and active. Mr. Warren was deeply moved by his appearance, and a new set of feelings took possession of him.

"Can't you answer me?" the lawyer added, as the boy gazed up into his face, without speaking.

"I—I—don't want to be a farmer, sir," the little fellow finally answered.

"That's it!" cried Howe, indignantly. "He don't want to do anything that's got work to it. He'll play all day, if you'll let him; and mope all night over a book. I tell ye, he's got to be made to work?"

The boy trembled and shrank back.

But Mr. Warren was beginning to see a new light breaking in upon the subject. His long term of service in various courts had rendered him capable of reading character very readily, and he saw very plainly that William Alberton had an immense force of character somewhere, and he believed it could be brought out.

"What were you doing while leaning up against that tree?" he asked of the boy.

"I wasn't doing anything, only thinking, sir."

"And what were you thinking about?"

"I—I—don't know as I could tell, sir."

"But you can tell me some of it. Tell me as nearly as you can."

"Well, sir,—I was—I know it was very foolish, sir; but I could not help it—I was—a—making a speech, sir."

"Making a speech!" repeated the farmer, sarcastically. "That's what he's always doing. Making a speech! A fine speech you'd make!"

At this point the boy began to cry, and Mr. Warren turned to the farmer, and bade him send the lad to his office on the following morning.

When William knew that Mr. Howe was going to send him away, he felt very unhappy, for he supposed he should be sent back to the poor-house. But he finally consoled himself with the reflection that he could run away. Yet, he was sorry to leave his master and family. He had been treated very kindly, considering the circumstances; and he knew that Mr. Howe would like to keep him and make a good man of him. But when he came to think of the work he must do, he had not the courage to try it. He knew he could not work. He had no will for it. It was a double labor to him, for it was a severe task to make up his mind to work.

Little Anna Howe cried all night long, and in the morning she threw her arms about William's neck, and begged him to stay. She was just of his own age, and a loving, gentle, pretty girl. But her father came, and called her a little fool, and sent her away.

That was the hardest struggle for the boy. He had not thought of Anna at first. He had forgotten that he would be as a stranger in the household. However, it could not be helped, and he blessed her, and told her he would come and see her when he was a man.

At the appointed time William Alberton made his appearance at the lawyer's office, with his bundle on his back. He sat down, and Mr. Warren began to converse with him. He asked him about his work at the place he had left, and about his health. The lad said the work was hard, but he did not know that it was harder than it would be on any farm.

"Must I go back to the poor-house?" he finally asked, with a shuddering tone.

"Well—I don't know," returned the lawyer, eyeing him thoughtfully. "How would you like to come into my office, and help me?"

The boy started up from his seat, and clasped his hands quickly together. But in a moment more he sank back, murmuring as he did so,—

"Only to be a servant, you meant, sir!"

"Can you write?"

"Yes, sir."

"Let me see you write a few words."

William went to the table at which the lawyer sat, and taking a pen and paper, he wrote a short sentence. Mr. Warren took the paper, and was surprised at the full, round, easy hand he found there. And then the words written were as worthy of note as the chirography. The boy had set down as follows:—"*No man ever excelled in a pursuit for which he was not suited.*"

"If I take you into my office I shall intend to let you do just that work which you can do best," the lawyer said, after he had examined the piece of paper, and what was on it. "Of course you will have to keep the office in order, and help me some at the house; but you will write for me; and if you wish to become a lawyer I will offer you every facility in my power. You shall have every help I can give."

The boy caught Mr. Warren's hand, and burst into tears. However, the business was soon settled.

A few days after this Mr. Howe came down to the village, and met Mr. Warren in the street.

"Ah, 'Squire—what's become of the boy?" the farmer asked.

"I've taken him into my office."

"What? Taken him to keep? Taken him in to work for you?"

"Yes."

"Well—I wish you much joy of your bargain. I guess you'll find your work come out scarce—that part that's done."

"But my work is different from yours. Mr. Howe."

"Ah, but work is work. When he was with me he wouldn't stick to any kind of work. No, no,—you needn't flatter yourself up with the idea that you are going to get work out of that boy. Now mind, I tell you. I know him; and you'll know him before long."

The lawyer smiled and passed on.

Six months after this Mr. Warren had a fine opportunity to take an office in the adjacent city. He conferred with his friends, and finally concluded to take it. He moved his family into the city, and William was thus brought into new scenes, and within new influences.

A cork thrown into the water will rise to the surface. You may hold it down as long as you please, but the moment the extraneous force is removed up it comes. And so it is with the human mind. It must find its level. It will find its position where circumstances are the most congenial. You may bend a great, physical boy, with a dull, sluggish brain, over mental philosophy till his back grows round, but you cannot force his mind to grasp it. And so you may take a finely organized brain, nervous, full, and active, and bend it over coarse, physical labor, but you cannot keep it there. The brain which God has fashioned for one thing cannot easily be forced to another.

So William Alberton could not content himself over his old master's shovel and hoe. His mind would not stay there. It was away hunting after strange things in the world of thought. But in the lawyer's office that mind had found its level. In copying deeds, and legal instruments of various kinds, and in filling up blanks, and searching out authorities for the lawyer's use, he found plenty of food for his active mind. And with this the manual labor he had to perform was mere pastime. He needed some bodily exercise for his own good, and hence he performed the work he had to do with speed and precision.

At the end of the first year Gilbert Warren came to the conclusion that he had found a treasure in his almshouse boy. And, on the other hand, the boy felt that he had found a priceless blessing in his kind, generous master.

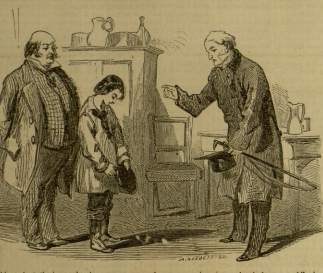
At the end of the second year William Alberton saw another boy enter the office, and he accompanied his master to court to take notes and assist in various ways.

At the end of the third year William commenced to study law practically and in earnest.

At the end of the fourth year the eminent lawyer and attorney, Gilbert Warren, Esq., found a valuable counsellor in his own office. When he came upon a subject which bothered him William Alberton could help him over it. For depth of penetration; for clearness of understanding; for quickness of perception; and for power of reasoning, few men excelled the youth who had been four years engaged in striving after knowledge within the lawyer's office. He was known by all the best lawyers of the city, and all respected him.

* * * * *

Mr. Howe was growing old, and trouble had come upon him. He was now a widower, and all his daughters were married off save the youngest—Anna. She was now three-and-twenty, and though repeated offers had been made for her hand, yet she remained a maiden. She said she would not leave her father. He would be all alone if she were gone, and she could not forsake him. She was a lovely young woman, and many an anxious, waiting swain was watching for the old man to die.


A.BOBBETT-SC.

But trouble had come upon John Howe. A large part of his farm had been sold off for building lots, and quite a village sprung up around him. The land which remained—nearly a hundred acres—was by far the most valuable portion, and the most pleasantly situated. All that he had received for land already sold he had laid out in beautifying and arranging what was left; and by this means the eyes of those hunting for pleasant suburban residences were turned towards his lots. His place could have been sold for a large fortune. He was offered a hundred and ten thousand dollars for it just as it was, after he had cleared off the rocks, and built an aqueduct; but he conferred with his friends, and they advised him to keep it—to sell off good lots to those only who would put up handsome dwellings, and keep a home for himself.

But a thunderbolt came crashing upon the old farmer's head. A man came and claimed the whole place as his own. He brought forward his deed, made by a former owner of the place, in favor of his (the claimant's) father. Mr. Howe hurried away to his lawyer, who was a candid, honest old man, and laid the case before him. Upon searching into the matter it appeared that the place had been actually sold, as stated, and that said purchaser had never given any deed to any one else. It also appeared that the man of whom Howe had bought, twenty-five years before, had no legal claim upon the land. The man who formerly owned it left it, at his death, in care of a brother, for his son, this brother having been appointed a guardian of said son. This son was at sea, and there remained for so long a time, that he was supposed to have died. Under these circumstances the uncle and guardian sold the estate in his own name, and pocketed the money and left. Howe supposed the title was good, and took no trouble about it further than to have it recorded. The man of whom he bought had lived upon the place many years, and he supposed, of course, that he was the proper owner.

Thus all this appeared at the present time. The man who claimed the estate was past the middle age—over fifty, somewhat—and his name was Benjamin Grumley. Mr. Howe's lawyer saw him, and examined his claim, and he could see no way of avoiding it. After this the old attorney called upon his client to report progress.

"It's a hard case," he said. "I don't see how you can help losing your land."

"Losing?" repeated Howe, vacantly. "Do you mean the whole? Must I give up all?"

"Yes."

"*All*, Mr. Luton? Must all be snatched from me?"

"I don't see how you can help it," returned Luton. "I have examined into the business, and it is just as Mr. Grumley has said. He went to sea when he was twelve years old—forty years ago—and sometime afterwards he received a letter stating that his father was dead, and that his uncle had been appointed guardian over him, and had charge of his property. This place was his, and is his now. It was only placed in his uncle's hands in trust for him. His father left it to him by will, and his uncle could not sell it."

Still Mr. Howe could not believe it. He had known the man of whom he bought, and he could not believe him a villain. He thought there must be some mistake, or some villainy elsewhere. At all events, he resolved to seek other counsel. He remembered his old friend Warren. He was in the city. He might know something about it.

On the very next morning the old man went into the city and hunted the lawyer up. Mr. Warren was glad to see him, and asked him to sit down. Howe did so, and then told his story. The lawyer listened very attentively, and seemed to be deeply interested. When his visitor had concluded he asked,—

"When you bought the place did not Aaron Grumley assure you that he owned it, clear of all incumbrance?"

"Yes, sir. He said it was his."

"Did he say how he came by it?"

"No, sir. He only said he had it from his brother, who died some years before."

"Did he at that time make any mention of his nephew—the son of his dead brother?"

"Yes—he said something. He said Ben. Grumly was probably dead, and that his father's old partners had quite a sum of money for him if he should ever return. But I want you to take hold of this, sir, and help me out. If I lose the case I shall have nothing to pay you with; but if I gain it I can pay you handsomely."

"Well—I'll be frank with you," replied Warren. "I have neither the time nor the power to go into the subject, for I see very plainly that there has got to be a good deal of search and study. But I know a young lawyer who can clear your claim if any one can."

"Who is he?"

"It is Mr. Alberton."

"O—I've heard of him. He's the one who gained the great corporation case?"

"Yes," said Warren. "He took up a poor man's case against one of the wealthiest corporations in the State—against the corporation, and against three of our smartest lawyers, and gained his case, too. He will take hold for you, I am sure; and if he does, you may feel very safe."

"O—I hope you can get him. Tell him if he can gain my case, I'll pay him anything."

Mr. Warren promised to send the young lawyer out the very next day, and the old man went home much relieved. If he could get Mr. Alberton to take hold he would feel secure, for such a man would not touch a case of his success in which he did not feel quite confident. And yet Mr. Howe never once dreamed that the young lawyer of whom he had heard so much was once his lazy, good-for-nothing almshouse boy. In fact, he had never dwelt upon the name of *Alberton* much. He had always called him "Bill," and even when thinking of him he never had gone farther than plain "William." It was "my boy William,"—or "Poor-house Bill"—or, perhaps, "Bill Albert." The poor boy had never, while in his native town, to his recollection, been called by his whole, true name. So it was not very surprising that the old man should have failed to think of his quondam almshouse boy when thinking of 'Squire Alberton.

At the appointed time the young lawyer came out, and Mr. Howe was much pleased with his looks. They sat down together, and the old man brought out his papers—all he could raise, which had the least bearing upon the subject in hand. Mr. Alberton examined them, and asked various questions concerning them; and in the end he told Howe that he would go on with the case. The old farmer was beside himself with joy. He had not only obtained the services of the best lawyer in that section—best as a hard-working, industrious, indefatigable researcher, and as a cool, clear-headed reasoner—but said lawyer had consented to risk his reputation upon the case.

The trial finally came on. Benjamin Grumly was there, with two lawyers, and he was sure of success. His lawyers had assured him that there was no mistake.

The plaintiff's leading counsel stated his case, with great assurance; but, when Alberton came to open his budget of facts and deductions, the other side looked blank. He had worked hard, and had been very fortunate. He was able to prove that Aaron Grumly really owned the estate when he sold it, though the business between him and his brother had been done in a bungling, brotherly way. They had traded very much as they would have traded for a horse; yet it was made perfectly plain that Aaron had bought, and that he had paid a fair price for it, his brother only giving him a stated amount of the purchase money as a legacy.

The jury had the case in their hands but a few minutes. They saw that the old farmer really and honestly owned the farm, and that other parties had put the plaintiff up to claiming it, for the purpose of shielding themselves—parties who had used money belonging to him. These parties knew that the business between the two brothers had been very loosely done, and they hoped there might be found a flaw large enough to draw the estate through. But the jury thought differently. In a very short time they returned with a verdict for the defendant.

Mr. Howe sat in his parlor, and he was very happy. He was secure in his home, and the fearful storm had passed harmlessly over. Mr. Alberton was announced. The old man grasped him by the hand, and blessed him over and over again.

"My daughter must see the man who has saved her home," the old man said, as he arose from his seat.

And in a few moments he returned, leading Anna by the hand. She was a beautiful girl,—bright, rosy, healthy and buoyant, with her native goodness shadowed forth in every lineament. She advanced, and her father introduced her. The young lawyer arose and extended his hand. Anna took it, and as she gazed him fairly in the face, she started, and a quick pallor overspread her fair features.

"*William!*" she uttered, in a low whisper.

"Do you remember me, Anna?" he asked, tenderly.

"Is it William?"

"Yes," he replied, drawing her nearer to him, and speaking tremulously; "I am the once poor boy to whom you were always so kind. You remember me now?"

"Yes—yes," the maiden murmured; and then sank into a seat.

Mr. Howe was astonished. He rubbed his eyes, and then gazed into the youth's face; and finally he started forward, and caught his hand.

"*William!*" he cried. "*My* William! Is it? Are you *my* William?"

"Yes, my good friend," the young lawyer answered, with moistened eyes. "I am the very one—the one you took from the poor-house, and tried to bring up."

"My William! My William, and I didn't know it!" the old man cried, still holding his guest by the hand. "But you don't feel hard towards me? You don't lay up blame for me for the things long agone?"

"Tut, tut, don't talk so. You know I could not do that. No, no,—I only have remembered you with gratitude. You did for me the best you could. I was no more suited to your wants than an infant would have been. You did not understand me. I was never meant for a farmer. And here let me say one word. You may not need the information, but you may find parents to whom you can communicate it with profit. It is this: Never keep a boy at a business for which he has no taste or capacity. We are all differently constituted. There are minds which can be no more confined to mere physical labor than a horse can be made to write or speak. Different plants and trees require different climates and soils; and so different minds require different occupations and engagements. Bring a child up to habits of industry, truth, and economy, and beyond that be sure that he is placed in a position which is congenial to his tastes and feelings."

The old man understood it, and he resolved that he would impart the secret to the first one he should meet who might need it.

Anna had turned very pale, and had grown faint. But she soon recovered; and before night she sat by William Alberton's side, with her head upon his bosom, and both his arms about her. He said—

"Anna—you will love me, and be my wife?"

And she wept, and drew more closely to him, and said—

"Yes."

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Doctor.—Oliver Cromwell was born in St. John's Parish, Huntingdon, on the 25th of April, 1599. Charles I. was beheaded on the 30th of January, 1648. Cromwell dissolved the famous "Long Parliament," on the 20th of April, 1653. "Come, come!" said he, to a gassy speaker, "we have had enough of this. I will put an end to your prating. You are no Parliament; I say, you are no Parliament! Some of you are drunkards; some of you are living in open contempt of God's Commandments; following your own appetites and the devil's commandments. Corrupt, unjust persons, scandalous to the profession of the Gospel, how can you be a Parliament for God's people? Depart, I say; and let us have done with you. In the name of God—go!" And go they did—more hurriedly than gracefully. The divine old hero—the greatest man that England has ever produced—died on the 3d of September, 1658.

A Female Clerk, whose father and mother are both dead, and who has to earn her own living, complains that her salary is insufficient for her support by a considerable sum. She has to live and dress poorly, while her sister clerks, whom she represents as being indifferent as to the means by which they earn or procure money, live and dress in style. She is in debt and cannot raise money enough to pay what she owes or to purchase the clothes which she absolutely needs. Under such circumstances she has been tempted by her companions to take money out of her employer's till, on the plea that he does not pay her as much as she earns, and she wishes to know if she would be justified in doing so? Alas, for this poor orphan of sixteen, thus situated! Of course you would not be justified in taking your employer's money. It would be a crime for which, if detected, you would be sent to prison and your reputation ruined forever.

A Broken-Hearted Girl wishes us to say something which will make her false-hearted lover and betrayer repent of his injustice and fulfil his promise of marriage with her, and she also wants to know whether, in case he will not do so, if she would be doing wrong to commit suicide? Suicide, under any circumstances, is wrong, and you should at once banish all thoughts of it, although your case is probably a hopeless one so far as your heartless and false lover is concerned. To appeal to such a man for justice is but to expose yourself to fresh insults, unless your appeal be backed up by the majesty and terrors of the law. A girl who had been ill-treated like yourself recently recovered ten thousand dollars damages of her betrayer in Brooklyn—a fact which may serve as a hint to your.

Julia.—It would not be unladylike to ask a gentleman with whom you had gone riding in a carriage, to call at the house of a lady friend, and take her along also, but it might be very annoying to the gentleman. If you wanted your lady friend to accompany you, you should have said so before the engagement was made, and then the gentleman could have gone or not as he pleased; but it would not be fair to force a companion upon him who might be disagreeable to him, although he might be too well-bred to let his annoyance become evident—besides, *three* persons, under such circumstances, are always an "uncomfortable crowd."

R. M. M., Charleston, takes exception to our declaration, that there is no case in which suicide would be justifiable, and puts the following cases: Suppose a man was tied to a stake to be slowly consumed, would he not be justified in blowing out his own brains? or, suppose he was placed in hot water to be boiled to death, would it not be right for him to immerse his head, and so end his sufferings at once? No. He should roast or boil with dignity and patience. Anybody can be a cringing, shrinking, sneaking suicide, but it takes a hero to be a *man*.

Wynona.—The battle of the Maumee was fought on the 20th of August, 1793. General Anthony Wayne commanded the American forces; and the confederated Indians were led by the celebrated Blue Jacket, a Shawnee chief, who had superseded Little Turtle in the chief command, because the latter had advised his countrymen to treat with Wayne instead of fighting him. Little Turtle had defeated General St Clair on the fourth of the preceding November. Tecumseh, then about twenty-four years of age, was present, and fought like a tiger, though in a subordinate position.

Elgin.—We know of no way by which a boy of eighteen can travel through the United States and Europe without means. Such a person should first earn the *right* to travel, by earning the money to pay his expenses. No intelligent editor would engage you as a correspondent. The "leading New York papers" would publish your communications in their advertising columns, at the usual rates.

Oscuro.—In walking with a young lady, a man should not salute his comrades standing in entries or on the side-walks before saloons. If a man asks a friend to escort his wife home, he being called away suddenly, the friend should offer the lady his arm, and let her act her own pleasure as to taking it.

Connecticut.—Any elementary work on civil engineering will answer for a beginner to commence with. We do not wish to recommend any particular work at the expense of others. You had better look at all you can find, and then select that which strikes you as being the one most easily understood.

X. Y. Z.—You and your "good, industrious girl" had better wait until *you* are, at least, twenty-two years old, before marrying, and, in the meanwhile, both of you lay up all the money you can.

Gompertz.—The subject, as handled by our correspondent, would give offence. Ladies in general prefer things as they are, and not as some reformers think they should be. They are Conservatives all. We think Nature says, that the husband, admitting exceptions, should be oldest.

Ellie.—We don't know, nor do we care, whence the American Indians originated. We are willing to admit that they came from Asia, across Behring's Straits, or China, or Palestine, or the moon, or even that they were dropped on the earth by a stray comet.

J. Sampson.—There is no rule which regulates the charges for children born on ship-board. Each company or captain acts independently in regard to such matters. If you have any apprehensions in regard to being overcharged, you should make a special bargain beforehand.

Die Vernon.—Yes. We think that a young lady who has four beaux, and makes each one think *he* is the favored mortal, may be fairly called a coquette, and be said to have made a pretty fair commencement in coquetting for a girl of seventeen.

Young Sixteen.—You had better return the miniature, and tell the gentleman you do not, cannot, and *will* not love him. As for the other young man—consult with your mother. Don't stoop to a clandestine correspondence.

General Jackson.—You had better put up with the tantrams of your red-headed stepmother, as long as you can, and emulate the fortitude and endurance of the old hero whose name you have assumed.

Nova Scotia.—Our only club rates are two copies of the Ledger for $3, and at the same rate until you get up to eight copies, ($12,) when an extra copy is thrown in for the getter up of the club.

Anxiety.—It would be very foolish for a woman to marry a drunkard, in hopes of reforming him. Such mad schemes always fail, and entail misery upon those who attempt them.

A. H.—It is a matter of taste as to whether a wooer should first ask his sweetheart or her father for her hand. As a general thing, in this country, the lovers settle matters between themselves, and then seek the consent of the old folks.

Lock Haven.—A father has a right to forbid any man's coming to see his daughter, and to shut his house against him. In such a case, the lover would do well to conciliate the old gentleman as speedily as possible.

William C.—No. A person who has been tried and acquitted for a crime, cannot be put on trial again for the same offence.

R. R.—A stamped letter that weighs over half an ounce will be charged double postage, even if, *without the stamp*, it had not weighed more than half an ounce.

W. E.—Congress has a right to do whatever it pleases with the public lands of the United States—can put a high or low price upon them, or give them away.

Veritas.—All you can do is to let matters take their course. If you continue indifferent, the girl will probably recover from her infatuation.

French.—You can at any time get the back numbers of the Ledger, from June 7th, 1856, to the present date, at four cents apiece.

Subscriber, Pittsburgh.—Before taking a male friend to the house of your female acquaintances, you should ask their permission to do so.

A. F.—A girl whose father is living, cannot choose a guardian.

Elizabeth.—Your sister's husband's cousin is no relation of yours at all.

*** *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*